The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896.

The Week.

On Monday the Senate showed signs of recovering from the fit of emotional insanity to which it fell a victim two or three weeks ago, when it dropped the affairs of Venezuela in order to take up those of Cuba. The speech of Senator Hale in opposition to the resolutions now pending was the first outright declaration of truth that has been heard in that body. He smote the heap of lies, piled up by Sherman, Morgan, and others, by which the ear of the country has been so grossly abused, and knocked it into bits. He has furnished a rallying-point for the higher intelligence of the country, and he was not in the least degree daunted by the mob in the galleries, who attempted to influence the course of debate by signifying their disapproval of what he said. The most popular untruth now afloat is a statement endorsed and promulgated by Senator Sherman, although not first set going by him, that Gen. Weyler, the Spanish commander in Cuba, is a brute and a butcher of defenceless men, women, and children, an enemy of the human race sent out by Spain expressly for the possession of these qualities. Senator Hale exposed this falsehood in a manner most painful to those who have propagated it. When he sent to the clerk's desk, to be read, a newspaper statement made by the Spanish Minister at Washington, which convicted Senator Sherman of glaring error, to call it by no worse name, there was a deal of squirming on the Jingo side. Objections were raised to the reading of the statement because it affected the character of a Senator—as though his character could be affected by an interview in a newspaper if it were not true. Objections were made on the score of the undiplomatic character of the communication—as though Mr. Sherman were exposed to injury from bad form rather than on the score of veracity. Finally, however, the newspaper extract was read at the clerk's desk, so that the answer to the charges made against Gen. Weyler goes into the record along with the charges themselves.

The cablegram published by the *World* on Saturday from Señor Cánovas, the Prime Minister of Spain, is well calculated to soften the asperities that have been aroused lately by the resolutions passed by our Congress, and especially by the intemperate language used by Senators and Representatives in debate. The substance of Señor Cánovas's dispatch is that Spain considers her relations with the United States unbroken until some act of hostility is committed. While the present status continues she will avoid everything that tends to a rupture, and will suppress every demonstration in her own territory that can be considered insulting to the United States. She has already closed the universities at Madrid, Grenada, Barcelona, and Valencia, where the students have made hostile demonstrations, and will close all universities, schools, and establishments where like demonstrations take place. This repressive action on the part of the Spanish authorities is so contrary to all our ideas and practices that it may not be appreciated here, yet it is customary and necessary on the Continent of Europe, where countries, by reason of their nearness to each other, are in danger of taking fire from the thoughtless acts of irresponsible persons. Reference is made to the false charges of inhumanity against Gen. Weyler and the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Señor Cánovas says also that the insurgents have set at defiance the rules of civilized warfare, have repeatedly violated the treaties between Spain and the United States, and especially that of 1877, respecting the lives and property of American citizens in Cuba. Finally, he repeats what Señor Castelar said the other day, that no government could exist in Spain which should tolerate foreign intervention in the affairs of Cuba by a government which had previously recognized the rebels as belligerents.

We see evidences of some resentment on the part of those who think we ought to confine our hostility to England and not fritter away our energy by extending it to Spain. Admiral Meade is one of these. He delivered a lecture at Chickering Hall on Wednesday week illustrated by bloodthirsty stereopticon views. He had primed himself for Great Britain, and was evidently disturbed to find Spain filling so large a part of the Jingo horizon. For this reason he gave a considerable part of his time to showing that the action of Congress on Cuban affairs was unjustifiable and ill-timed. If we grant belligerent rights to the Cuban rebels, he said, we give the Spaniards the right to board and overhaul and capture on suspicion American vessels anywhere outside a marine league of our coast. The exercise of this right would so exasperate our citizens that it might lead to a war with Spain. Indeed! We fancy we hear Bill Chandler asking why that should be considered an objection. Some Princeton students, with a lack of taste that ought to be rebuked by the professor of æsthetics, on Thursday evening hanged in effigy the heir to the throne of Spain, who is about nine years of age. A crowd of miners in Leadville, Colorado, built a bonfire in the street in order to burn the Spanish flag. They had great difficulty in identifying it in the stock of a dry-goods dealer in that town, but they found something that answered the purpose and they put it on the funeral pile. These students and miners will be much surprised to learn that Admiral Meade is not in favor of a war with Spain. Isn't war the thing we have been ramping and raving for, ever since the middle of December? But we ought to discriminate, says Meade, because Spain was friendly to us during the Revolution and during the civil war. She did not sent out any *Alabamas* or any blockade-runners. Chandler and the students and miners might very well reply that that was probably because she didn't have any, and at all events that Great Britain paid for her fun with $15,000,000 gold. Would you take her money and then fight her for the same score afterward? No, Mr. Meade, you cannot divert us from the Hidalgoes and the Inquisition by any such chaff as that.

"What is the war news to-day?" is the inquiry which citizens habitually ask each other nowadays. On Friday it was this, according to the *Tribune's* Old Pensioner at Washington:

> "The feeling of irritation with the President and his associates has been growing more and more acute at the capitol for some time. Thus far there has been nothing but talk on the subject. Bitter speeches have been made in both houses, and still more bitter talk has been indulged in the cloak-rooms. The general discontent has ripened, and the situation seems favorable for a direct issue to be made, now that Mr. Cleveland indicates a purpose to disregard the practically unanimous expression of opinion by both houses on the Cuban question. By the most outspoken opponents of the President it is now said that if the Administration pockets the Cuban concurrent resolutions, a joint resolution will be passed and repassed over the Presidential veto, and that if Mr. Cleveland still further persists in ignoring the wishes of Congress, the proper remedy will be found in the institution of proceedings for impeachment."

We cannot think of anything more wholesome at the present time than an impeachment of somebody for something. Anything which will draw attention away from foreign countries and fix it strongly on our own concerns will be a great blessing, and we can imagine nothing so well calculated to cure the prevailing hysteria and to cause introspection and searching of hearts as an impeachment of the President. The grounds for impeachment are unimportant. Nothing could be more silly than the idea of impeaching him for the exercise of a discretion committed exclusively to the executive. But that is of no consequence—nothing is of any consequence in these times. What we need is a change of excitement. We have become raw on our foreign side, and we want to be bruised in a new place. Give us an impeachment by all means, if not of the President, then of Secretary Carlisle for awarding the leavings of the bond sale to Mr. Morgan, or of Secretary Morton for

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stopping the free distribution of cabbage seeds.

The furious (or feigned) indignation of Western Congressmen over the President's home-missionary address is truly comic. Mr. Cleveland's remarks were but the ordinary platitudes of such occasions, only made a little more wooden and meaningless than ordinary. He drew it exceedingly mild compared with many an impassioned address on the same subject. The usual form of appeal is to picture the West as hotly contended for by the devil and good angels, with the chances decidedly in favor of the devil unless the mission debt is speedily paid off and contributions increased. Home-missionary gatherings are so accustomed to having the battle of Armageddon fought before their very eyes, with horns, hoofs, and forked tail well in evidence, that the President's gentle arraying of "tendencies" and "dispositions" against each other seems tame enough. Moreover, the free-silver Westerners are ludicrously ignorant of Presbyterian home-mission work if they think an endorsement of it means a fling at their benighted condition. Quite the majority of Presbyterian home missionaries are, we believe, laboring east of the Mississippi. Some are in New England, many in New York, hundreds in Ohio and Indiana and Illinois. How do the raging Montana and Idaho statesmen know that the President did not refer to the need of converting the gold-bugs of the East from the error of their way?

How completely public interest in the legitimate work of Congress has had to give way to the artificial excitement over congressional fireworks, is well instanced by the general indifference to the highly important amendments to the legislative appropriation bill passed by the House last week. These amendments involved a complete readjustment of the salaries of United States Marshals and District Attorneys. It is estimated that a saving to the Government of $200,000 a year will be effected by the changes. The labor expended in drawing the bill was arduous, and the task of piloting it through the House most difficult. Yet the men who did this important work, and the whole discussion, in fact, were all but ignored by the press. The Washington correspondents report eagerly and minutely all the pyrotechnics, send out all sorts of rumors about wars, and dissensions in the cabinet, and partisan and Presidential manœuvring, but have only to say, wearily and with an air of huge disgust, of this real work of Congress, "The House then resumed consideration of the legislative appropriation bill."

The memorial of the Chamber of Commerce, addressed to the commercial bodies and business men of the United States, on the subject of sound money may have the effect possibly of helping some of the Presidential candidates to make up their minds on the question. It invites the cooperation of the bodies and persons addressed "in an effort to create a strong public opinion in behalf of an unequivocal declaration by the political conventions of both of the great parties in favor of the maintenance of our existing standard, and of the elimination of all doubtful expressions in respect to the reopening of the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver." All citizens are urged to exert themselves in favor of the election of delegates to the national conventions who will favor such a platform declaration. An organized movement of this kind by the men who represent the business interests and property of the land cannot fail to have a beneficial effect both upon the conventions and upon candidates. The spectacle of ten or a dozen Republican candidates "standing dumb" upon what is the leading issue of the day is one which is not to be contemplated with indifference. No man can be trusted to withstand bad financial legislation after he has been elected President who has not the moral courage to say he was opposed to it before election.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* had a most tempting headline on Monday week—"The Financial Question: Views of the Leading Republican Candidates for the Presidency." At last, then, we said to ourselves, the dumb have found their voice. The *Gazette* went on to say that it had telegraphed to all the candidates for "a clear definition of your position on the money question," and that the replies would be found below. Below was found a telegram from Quay saying that "if possible we must preserve the unity of the party"; one from Elkins declaring that he was "*in favor of sound money*"—and that was all. In derision of its own tongue-tied candidate, the *Gazette* published a telegram from McKinley perfectly blank; another from the bold Reed, also blank; Davis, Manderson, Allison, Cullom, and Morton—all blank. Such scornful treatment is well deserved. As far as the country knows, the minds of all these candidates are as blank as their telegrams on the money question. They are all your true metaphysicians' *tabula rasa* on which the majority of the convention can write whatever it pleases—16 to 1, or 60 to 1, gold, silver, or lead. If their views do not suit, they can be altered. But was there ever before a party of great moral ideas, only three months away from its national convention, left absolutely in ignorance of the opinions of its leading men and Presidential candidates on the one great question at issue?

Secretary Hoke Smith's wise action in regard to forest preservation is worthy of the heartiest commendation. He has called upon the first forestry experts in the land, with Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent at their head, to make a thorough personal investigation of the present condition of our preserves and report to Congress the results of their inquiry, including in their report a comprehensive forestry policy for adoption by the Government. This is the use of expert ability which we have so often advocated in reference to matters of much less public importance, and which is to be hailed with joy wherever it appears. In the face of a report from such a committee, Congress will have no excuse for listening to the specious arguments of the champions of timber thieves, railway grabbers, and other depredators of our forest preserves, but will be obliged to adopt for the country a scientific and adequate policy which will protect and develop the preserves for the enjoyment and benefit of the whole country. Secretary Smith has performed a genuine public service which will be remembered in his favor long after he has passed out of office. It is so seldom that anything in the way of really enlightened public policy comes out of Washington that one feels like appointing a day of thanksgiving when it appears.

Mr. Joseph Nimmo, jr., formerly Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, publishes a pamphlet on the subject of the Nicaragua Canal which ought to gain some attention in Congress. He says first that there "has never been any investigation made by a committee of Congress, nor by the executive branch of the Government in pursuance of any order of Congress, for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of tonnage which would annually pass through the proposed Nicaragua Canal." This is true. In like manner the promoters of the Corinth Canal in Greece went on without making any inquiry of this kind, and now that their work is completed they find that the traffic is not sufficient to pay the cost of keeping the canal in operation. It is true that the two cases are not parallel, since the journey around Cape Malea is an affair of only a few days, while around Cape Horn it is an affair of months. On the other hand, there is a Panama canal in actual progress, which is pronounced feasible on the present plan of lockage, and which will be in competition with that of Nicaragua. Therefore the whole traffic cannot be assigned to one of them. Mr. Nimmo estimates the whole amount of shipping passing through the isthmus at not more than 500,000 tons annually. He says that in the year 1890 the Nicaragua Canal Company asked the New York Chamber of Commerce to endorse their project on the basis of a statement that their traffic would be six to eight million tons annually. "This statement having been referred to me," he continues, "I found it to be the merest statistical juggle. I have a copy of that statement and should be glad to submit it to an official investi-

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gation. In making up their prospectus, the Nicaragua Canal Company appears to have divided the cost of their project by *two* and to have multiplied the tonnage likely to pass through it by *twenty*."

Other objections cited by Mr. Nimmo are that the calm belt on either side of Nicaragua forbids that sailing vessels shall ever be employed on the Nicaragua Canal route; that no analogy exists between the Suez Canal and that of Nicaragua, because the former is a sea-level canal and has no railway competitors, while the latter requires 220 feet of lockage and will have thirteen railway competitors; that all fast freight and nearly all passenger traffic between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts of America must continue to go by rail; that none of the commerce of Europe with Asia will seek the Nicaragua route since the distance is greater than via Suez; and finally that "a fair investigation of the supposed political and military aspects of the Nicaragua Canal scheme will prove that it is of very small importance from those points of view." Accordingly, Mr. Nimmo proposes that before the Government is committed in any way to extend pecuniary aid by lending its money or its credit to the Nicaragua Canal, it shall order an investigation embracing the whole question of traffic and cost, set forth in detail, so that the figures can be tested by statisticians and engineers. This is surely a reasonable request, but Congress is laboring under emotional insanity to such a degree that nothing which looks like deliberation, if it relates to foreign affairs, has much chance of success.

Agitation in the South against the homicidal pistol-carrying habit makes slow progress against the prevailing sentiment which would not deprive a citizen and a "gentleman" of the right "to carry a gun." To date there is to be recorded the passage by the Mississippi Legislature of a law increasing the penalties for carrying concealed weapons, and the defeat in the South Carolina Legislature of a somewhat similar bill. The current belief at the South is that the law against the pistol-pocket places the law-abiding citizen at the mercy of the lawless. This belief finds expression in newspaper editorials and in the published views of officers of the law, and now it has been given place in the report of the grand jury of the Criminal Court of New Orleans. The judge having directed the attention of the jury to the subject, that body declares that, although the eleven cases of shooting which came before them emphasized the truth of the opinions expressed by the judge, yet they believe that "the best good to the community can be done by the repeal of the law," and "by allowing any man the right to carry weapons, concealed or not, the right which the Constitution of the United States granted him in token of his individual freedom and responsibility as a citizen." The law should be abolished, the jury urges, because it "does not protect the law-abiding citizen, but the criminal." Only as an alternative proposition, "if the law must stand," is there a suggestion of more rigorous penalties. There is no doubt that this presentment of the New Orleans grand jury expresses the sentiment of very many people of that and of other places in the South—people, too, who would be offended if told that they were not good citizens. It is a manifestation of that lack of respect for and reliance upon the law which has its more emphatic expression in the execution of the judgments of the mob.

We regret to have to say that the outlook for a peaceable settlement between the American and British contingents of the Salvation Army is gloomy. Ballington Booth has opened a headquarters for the new American Army in this city, and is now looking for a name for it. Seceders from the British ranks are reported daily, and they will be put into a new uniform as soon as the style of it can be decided upon. In the meantime the relations between the rival camps have been much strained by the arrival from England of a Salvation Commissioner who is said to be the "ablest financier in the whole Army." He is going to examine the accounts and to see to it that all the property of the American Salvation branch is transferred to the British authorities. There is something decidedly ominous in this proceeding. Everybody familiar with the British character knows that there will be a desperate fight for every penny of that property. Not a cent will be yielded without a struggle, no matter how good American its quality may be. In fact, its American quality will add fury to the pursuit of it.

If the Italian disaster serves no other purpose, it is to be hoped it will help to call the attention of modern nations to the results of the military mania which is now disturbing the Christian world. Italy is one of the poorest countries in Europe. Taxation has there reached the last limit of endurance. After the unification of the kingdom, there was everything to be done in the way of reforms in education, administration, taxation, and communication, for Italy came out of the hands of her oppressors a hundred years behind the rest of Europe in many of the essentials of civilization. But she had hardly got free and independent when she set up an army of 600,000 men, and a navy of 12 battle-ships, 4 "port-defence" ships, 61 armored cruisers, and 147 torpedo-boats, and joined the great military "Triple Alliance." We know all that may be said for this, as matter of public policy—the use of the army in assimilating the population, and the danger from French jealousy. We will admit that it may be defended; but we beg our Jingoes to mark what followed. Finding herself in possession of the army and navy, just like a poor man who has moved into a large house, she concluded she must have what other nations possessing the same armed force had, in the way of "colonial expansion." She must have some "natives" to fight and subjugate, as the French and Germans and Russians and English had. She must have "colonial expansion," as the mediæval kings had to have their wars, and as our Jingoes must have "keys" and islands and canals and trembling Dago dependents. So she went into Africa to found colonies. She established by hook and by crook an Italian protectorate of Menelek, King of Shoa, in May, 1889, and in October of the same year "a mutual protectorate." But Menelek is warlike, has secured plenty of rifles since then, has a powerful and fairly disciplined force, and does not want to be protected. To make a long story short, he thinks he can clear the Italians out of Africa, and he has defeated them in several serious encounters, and now in a great battle, with a serious loss in men, guns, and above all in prestige and self-confidence. All is dismay, confusion at home, the Crispi Ministry is overthrown, and the kingdom is on the verge of bankruptcy; but reinforcements are rushing forward, and there will probably be other battles and more defeats. It is no longer sufficient for a people to be happy, peaceful, industrious, well educated, lightly taxed. It must have somebody afraid of it. What does a nation amount to if nobody is afraid of it? Not a "fico secco," as King Humbert would say.

The thing which is making the Italian Government most uneasy is the effect of the Abyssinian defeat on the Triple Alliance. Seeing how Menelek tasks their powers, Germany and Austria may well ask what they could do against France and Russia. It is the more annoying and depressing because Italy has not been able to achieve a single military or naval triumph, small or great, since she became a kingdom. She was defeated at Custozza, the one land battle of 1866, and at Lissa, the one naval battle, and though the army is a very fine one as far as physique goes, there is said to be wanting that sternness of temper which gives a fighting force its edge. It has been remarked that the stories and essays of De Amicis, who is the leading military writer in Italy, deal almost exclusively with the tender side of army life—the love of mothers and sisters, the longing for home, the affection between officer and orderly, the loneliness of the conscript, the friendliness of the people for the soldier; in fact, nearly every emotion but the martial ones. The grim side of war does not seem to present itself to the rank and file till they see the enemy coming down on them.

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THE JINGOES AND THE BRITISH CASE.

THE reception of the British Case by our Jingo contemporaries reminds us of a story told by Gen. Thiébault, in his recently published Memoirs, of his reception at one of the Paris barriers when returning to the city during the Terror. At that time everybody moving about had to be furnished with a passport certifying to a number of qualifications necessary to constitute good citizenship. He presented his with a cheerful confidence, and the officer scrutinized it carefully. There was not a flaw in it, but the observation of the functionary was, "Canaille, tu es trop en règle; je t'arrête" ("Rascal, you're too regular; I arrest you"). In like manner the chief fault found with the Case is that it is too good. Some papers maintain that it "proves too much"; others say that it is good till the other side is heard. As it consists almost wholly in the citation of historical documents purporting to come from public archives, if the other side upsets it it must be in the main by showing that the documents in question are forged or garbled, or have not come from the place from which the British say they have come, or have been overridden by other documents lying in Venezuelan archives, and nowhere else. As a general rule, in default of actual occupation, the only proof of ownership of territory is long undisputed claim; but, of course, where the territory is largely wilderness the question of constructive occupation arises—that is, the question how much wilderness does occupation of one part carry with it. This has, we believe, come before our own courts more than once with regard to the territory transferred to us by Mexico on the Pacific Coast—such a question, for instance, as whether the ownership of the mouth of a river carries with it the ownership of the headwaters. Such questions are, however, comparatively easily settled.

We have no intention at present of going into any examination of the merits of the Case. We merely wish to point out the light which the general acknowledgment of its goodness throws on the way in which we have been carrying on this controversy for the past year. It is now plain, as we pointed out last fall, that not one of our writers on the Venezuelan side knew anything about the merits of the case. The articles in the newspapers and magazines were all *a-priori* concoctions, that is, deductions from the writers' conceptions of the general disposition of the English to "grab" territory and oppress small Powers. Whether the English were doing so in this particular case, neither Lodge, nor Chandler, nor Morgan, nor Roosevelt had the smallest idea. But they argued away as if they were in full possession of all the British could say for themselves. Mr. Roosevelt furnishes, in an article in the last number of the *Bachelor of Arts*, an amusing illustration of the muddle-headed way in which they did their work. Writing on the Monroe Doctrine, he maintains throughout two contradictory theses, one that "the Monroe Doctrine is not a question of law at all, but a question of policy," and the other that there is a right and wrong in the matter, and that the facts might "show England to be in the right" in the Venezuelan matter, in which case "well and good." He adds, too, with delightful gravity:

> "A very able member of the New York bar remarked the other day that he had not yet met the lawyer who agreed with Secretary Olney as to the legal interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. This remark was chiefly interesting as showing the lawyer's own limitations."

He further remarks that this dictum of "the very able lawyer" had "little more significance than if he had said that he had not yet met a dentist who agreed with Mr. Olney." It is difficult to treat these enfantillages seriously. They make one sorry for a very useful and upright man, but as they appear in print they compel the observation that if the Monroe Doctrine were all policy and no law, the Venezuelan Arguments and Commissions and Cases would be as ridiculous as the Jingo articles. All the argumentation on both sides is an attempt to extract a rule of right from a heterogeneous mass of facts.

The true rule for volunteer and amateur publicists, when turning their attention to international questions, would seem to be, to avoid rigidly the assumption of two differing characters. If you appear as an advocate of your country or a defender of her policy, and a promoter of justifiable hostile feeling to some other country, you should not also appear as a jurist, and profess to know the law of your own pretensions. It is vary rare indeed that policy and law can be argued in the same breath. When a man says, I care nothing about your law, my policy is to do so and so no matter what you say, you meet him with one set of arguments. You denounce him, and if need be fight him. When he says this matter is one of law, and my case is so and so, you meet him with another set. He appeals to a tribunal, seen or unseen, at which he must be met with facts, and before which abuse of his character and aspersions on his designs are out of place. For over a year, men occupying a position which ought to be high and semi-judicial, that of United States Senators, have been engaged in quasi-legal attempts to settle a dispute about property between two foreign Powers—without, as now appears, even slight knowledge of the evidence in the case—through newspapers, magazines, and stump speeches, in which they maintained that Great Britain could not be the legal owner of certain territory in South America, because we disliked to see European settlements on this continent and had said so freely seventy years ago.

If there were any use in talking to our esteemed contemporaries on the same subject, we would point out how much our press, and our mental apparatus, which is known to foreigners mainly through the press, are discredited by this same application of our vituperative processes to quasi-judicial questions. Invective is ruled out of all courts in the world which sit on questions of law, and it is not asking too much of newspapers to confess their incompetency to pass on the legal rights of even the most disliked and despised foreign nation by means of general denunciation. As we have heretofore more than once pointed out, Great Britain and Venezuela stood before us, as regarded their historical claims, on precisely the same footing morally. Lord Salisbury was entitled to exactly as much credit as Señor Crespo, but no more. Great Britain was just as likely to be right as Venezuela—most travellers would say more so; but we were not travellers, we were simple observers or mediators. Weakness has no more to do with right than strength. The big man is just as much entitled to his watch and purse as the little one.

These are the obvious moral objections to our goings on about Venezuela during the last twelve months. The political ones are still stronger. We have, while nominally trying to see justice done, roused the greatest of all enemies to justice, the one which cares least for the distinction between right and wrong, the war spirit. We have seriously dimmed in the minds of a large body of the American people the idea of our own subjection to the moral law in our international relations. We have developed a fierce desire to display anywhere, and for any reason, our power to do violence, to drown arguments, to silence law, to strengthen throughout the world the reverence for might as against right, and to treat the services or uses of foreign nations to civilization and humanity as of small consequence compared to the demonstration of our ability to destroy their commerce, ruin their cities, shut up their colleges, and slaughter their young men, without similar damage to ourselves. This, and more, we owe to our pinchbeck jurists, and they ought to be, and we hope are, ashamed of their work.

CHANGE WITHOUT VARIETY.

THERE was a general expectation, which we confess we shared, that the present Congress would be a great improvement on its predecessor, to which, on account of its ignorance and obstinacy, we gave the name of "brutish Congress." We were compelled to admit that the country had made a great mistake in expecting more from the Democrats than it got from Mr. Reed's business Congress which passed the McKinley bill. The Fifty-third Congress turned out to be made of just the same material as the Fifty-first. It differed simply in having a different direction for its evil activity. Instead of devoting itself to levying enormous tribute

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from the community for the benefit of the manufacturers, it devoted itself to playing tricks with the currency, and trying to fleece people who had more than $4,000 a year. But each of these lines of action having turned out disastrously for the party which pursued it, we felt sure that the Fifty-fourth Congress would either hit on some middle course, or do nothing at all, and adjourn early.

There were signs early last year that an attempt would be made to get excitement out of foreign questions, but the promoters of this policy made little impression on the popular mind. The total failure of the Hawaiian enterprise showed how little prepared the country was for any sort of Jingo activity. The way in which the President dealt with that question, which we happen to know was the conception of Mr. Gresham's thoroughly upright and loyal mind, gave the public a most comforting assurance of four years of peaceful and legal relations with foreign nations, and of stern preoccupation, as far as the executive could command it, with our own sadly muddled domestic concerns. Had Mr. Gresham lived, we feel very certain these expectations would have been realized. We should have sat in tranquillity under the shadow of international law, of American precedents, and of a decent regard for the good opinion of mankind.

We are bound to presume that when Mr. Olney wrote his despatch in July last, he was under the impression, as we were, that the new Congress was in some way better than the previous one, made up of better material, and, in virtue of a longer experience, filled with more concern for the real interests of the country. But we can hardly make this excuse for Mr. Cleveland's message in December. Congress was then sitting, and the President must have known how little it differed from its predecessors, how small a stock of knowledge of public affairs, or credit, or finance, or currency it brought to the work of legislation, and how ready it would be to drop such things for a prize-fight, a bull-fight, a cock-fight, or a war, and how difficult it would be, if it once got away on a junket of this kind, ever to bring it back to sober business. There is a story in the life of the Vicar of Morwen, a wild Cornish parish, of the impossibility in the last century of keeping a congregation in church on Sunday, after the news came in that there was a wreck ashore. All the clergyman asked under these conditions was, that they would give him a fair chance by waiting till he got down from the pulpit. When Mr. Cleveland sent in his Venezuela message, he virtually announced that there was a wreck ashore, but he has found out that he must take his chance of getting down to the beach with the rest. There is no consideration for him on account of his pastoral character.

We hope he now sees the character of the body into which he flung this terrible firebrand. He suggested to a body of idle, ignorant, lazy, and not very scrupulous men an exciting game, which involved no labor and promised lots of fun, and which would be likely to furnish them with the means of annoying and embarrassing him. They are richly, as he must see, availing themselves of their opportunity. They are determined to find somebody to threaten or challenge, and even if he gets Spain away from them, they will find another victim. They are out for a lark, and if they can do nothing else will "clean out a saloon." We are sorry for him in his trouble about these concurrent and joint resolutions, but we should have been sorrier if he had got off without any trouble. It would be a bad thing for our government if the "digging of holes" were pure pastime. Governments cannot be carried on for any great length of time in this way. We cannot convert our whole territory into a rabbit warren, with Presidents and Congressmen sticking out of the ground here and there. Agriculture, trade, and commerce and all the serious business of life have to be attended to.

But one thing is certain, neither the Fifty-fifth, nor the Fifty-sixth, nor the Fifty-seventh Congress will be any better than these last three, or so good as these last three, if there is not a strong and general effort by all classes and conditions, and above all by those who have the ear of the public, with voice and pen, to revive the practice of honest and frank popular discussion. There is not much use in correcting the errors of the present Congressmen with regard to war, because they are sure to begin to commit fresh ones in some other field. Their goings on about war are the products of precisely the same mental conditions as the goings on about currency and taxation. Childish in one, childish in all. The reason why a Congressman is so ready to fight England or Spain is the reason why he thinks the Almighty has put silver and gold in the ground in the proportion of 16 to 1, and why he thinks credit is an invention of the money power for the oppression of the poor. We are not contending with political errors so much as with sheer, crass ignorance, with imperfect civilization, and incomplete mental development. And the next Congress will be just as bad as this one, and some great calamity will overtake us if everybody does not get into the way of speaking out his honest thought.

Our present Congressmen are the product of thirty years of government by intrigue, concealment, and bribery. Open discussion, in which public men say exactly what they think without fear, seems to have died out with slavery and the war. There are many men in Congress who think about all this tomfoolery exactly as the civilized world thinks, but either hold their peace about it or pretend to admire it, because they fear that if they did not "take a hand in the racket," they would lose their influence. There are others, like Mr. Sherman, who excuse themselves for fathering some monstrous folly, like his silver bill or the Cuban resolutions, by pretending that they did it to "head off" something far worse. The result is that both Congress and the public are left without that instruction on the great topics of the day, from competent men in public life, without which no government of a great nation can go on. Those who speak out among us are a mere handful, and generally do it with bated breath and many placatory clauses. Our present Government, for instance, is simply impossible for a community with an immense system of credit and foreign trade. To have an assembly of breech-clouted warriors, who are daily shaking their tomahawks at all strangers, presiding and legislating for a nation which has a stock exchange and banks in every town, and in which the poorest man is interested in the condition of the money market, is an absurdity. No such régime can last. But we shall have no change for the better as long as our leading men are afraid to let the warriors know that we have definitively broken with the old savage life, live by trade and industry, and take no scalps.

A CUBAN CATECHISM.

(1.) Q. What is belligerency? A. Waging war.

(2.) Q. What is a belligerent state? A. A state waging war.

(3.) What is a state? A. Any sovereign political organization having a definite territorial extent, regularly organized military forces, and an established government.

(4.) Q. Does it matter what the origin of this organization is? A. Not at all. It may originate in the peaceful division of one state into two, or it may be established by revolutionists, cut-throats, and pirates.

(5.) Q. Does it matter whether the organization has been lawful as regards the original state from which the new state has become separated? A. Not at all. If unlawful, the new state is a state *de facto*, or in fact; otherwise, it is a state *de jure*, or legally. It may be both.

(6.) Q. Why must such a state have the features described in the answer to Question 3 to be recognized as a belligerent? A. Because without such features other states cannot have any dealings with it.

(7.) Q. How is that? A. Without political organization, at the head of which some human being or body of human beings stands, it is impossible to communicate with it; without a definite territorial extent, it is impossible to find it; without regular military organization there is no discipline or responsibility, and acts of violence become robbery on land and piracy on the seas.

(8.) Q. What difference does all this make to another state? A. It cannot compel justice to its own citizens who may reside or transact business there.

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(9.) Q. Explain this. A. Unless it can collect taxes, it can pay no claims against it; unless it has efficient machinery for the administration of justice, it can redress no wrong, enforce no contract, and protect no property; unless it has a regular army, it cannot insure domestic tranquillity or obedience to its commands.

(10.) Q. Supposing an insurrection not to have military and political organization, who is responsible for it to other states? A. The state against which the insurrection is made.

(11.) Q. In case of such an insurrection in Cuba, who is responsible for destruction of American property, the lives of American citizens, and the interests of such citizens having business relations with the island? A. Spain.

(12.) Q. If Cuba were recognized as a belligerent? A. Nobody.

(13.) Q. If the United States should recognize Cuba under such circumstances as a belligerent, what would its own position become? A. That of a neutral.

(14.) Q. Would the obligations of our citizens be increased or diminished? A. Increased.

(15.) Q. How? A. By the fact that whereas now we can sell arms and munitions of war to any purchaser in Cuba, such arms and munitions would, in case of a recognition of belligerency, become contrabrand of war, and liable on any attempt at importation to seizure and confiscation by Spain.

(16.) Q. Might American vessels be confiscated? A. They might under certain circumstances.

(17.) Q. What redress would American owners have? A. None whatever.

(18.) Q. Is there any proof that a belligerent state now exists on the island of Cuba? A. None whatever.

(19.) Q. Assuming that to be the fact, to whom can we look for protection to American interests, or redress for wrongs to American citizens, if belligerency is recognized? A. To nobody.

(20.) Q. Why? A. Because the recognition of belligerency releases Spain from responsibility, without putting any one in her place.

(21.) Q. Why does it release Spain from responsibility? A. Because it is an announcement by us that we believe Cuba is a government capable of assuming the responsibility that we demand of every state. If Cuba is not such a government, so much the worse for us.

(22.) Q. What is the statement that the Cubans form a belligerent state? A. If made knowingly, a falsehood.

(23.) Q. That being the case, what can you say of the Senators and Representatives who pass a resolution that the fact exists? A. Some have made a false statement, and embodied it in a solemn public act; some have behaved like fools; some have done both.

(24.) Q. To give this resolution practical effect, is what they have done sufficient? A. No; their resolutions are mere words.

(25.) Q. What more is necessary to accomplish recognition? A. Action by the President.

(26.) Q. Upon whom, then, does the responsibility now rest? A. Upon him.

(27.) Q. Would recognition by him lead to war? A. Very likely.

(28.) Why? A. Because the commerce between the United States ports and those of Cuba is constant, and some collision between Spanish and American ships would almost certainly occur. An armed collision having occurred, it might easily become impossible to restrain the war feeling excited on both sides by Congress and the press. When two countries go to war, it is not generally the result of a deliberate act on both sides.

(29.) Q. What is the most terrible responsibility that any one can assume? A. That of involving his country in a needless war.

(30.) Q. Is there any reason for thinking that the President will do this? A. No.

(31.) A. Why? Q. Because he knows, first, that Cuba is not a belligerent state; second, that Congress knows it; third, that the object of Congress in passing belligerency resolutions had nothing to do with Cuba.

(32.) Q. What was their object? A. To "put Grover Cleveland in a hole."

(33.) Q. Have they tried this before? A. Yes.

(34.) Q. Have they ever succeeded in doing it? A. No.

STYLISH OPINIONS.

AGAIN have we an example of how much better they do these things in France. To the lucidity and logic of a Frenchman, M. Pierre Lalo, does the world owe the discovery that we as much need a manual of fashionable opinions as we do of etiquette and dress. He has accordingly issued proposals for a 'Petit Guide des Opinions Élegantes pour 1896.' Instead of following the praiseworthy "society" editor of the *Tribune* into such discussions as "What Men are Wearing to Afternoon Teas," he addresses himself to the much more needed task of telling them what they shall talk about, and what views they shall maintain, after they get to afternoon teas. Clearly perceiving that a last-year's opinion is really more damning in the eyes of truly cultivated people than a last-year's hat, he applies himself to the work of giving opinions, to go with clothes, of the latest cut.

A few samples of the literary and artistic trousseau he stands prepared to furnish will show the merit and usefulness of his plan. Shakspere, he tells his French patrons, you will still do well to praise moderately; all you need to know is that *Lear* was not a gay young lover, and that *Lady Macbeth* was for some reason desperately anxious to wash her hands. This amount of knowledge, with assorted epithets, will amply fit one for moving in the most select circles. As for Goethe's works, all you need to remember is that they contain "a complete philosophy of life"; to read the books themselves would be a wholly unnecessary trouble. At the mention of Ibsen's name a sacred enthusiasm should glow upon your face, and broken interjections—"What daring!" "What force!"—should fall from your lips. It will be considered quite the thing, this year, to call him Henrik the Northman, and to speak of the "vast intellect" of this modern seaking. D'Annunzio is going out, and this season they will not speak of him in the most refined society. Shelley and Swinburne will be casually mentioned, but only in certain drawing-rooms—which, it will take no little social tact for you to make sure of in advance. The Russians are quite gone out, and so you need not trouble yourself to know even their names.

We cannot follow M. Lalo through his descriptions of musical and artistic fashions, valuable as they are. They are directed to French readers, and hence scarcely fitted for columns so carefully guarded from foreign contamination as these. But his idea is eminently worthy of praise and imitation, with such modifications as may be needed to fit it for this climate. Americans are certainly like Frenchmen in not being born with a full set of literary and artistic opinions. These, with their changing styles, have to be acquired, even in this country of unsurpassed opportunities, just as knowledge of fashions in dress and furnishings has to be acquired. With labor-saving guides and royal roads to knowledge provided so abundantly in the one case, why should they not be introduced in the other? It may be too late to catch this year's market, but a 'Guide to Polite Opinions for 1897,' prepared betimes, would be sure to meet with an enormous sale. We throw out the hint, with characteristic generosity, for what it is worth.

Such a guide would be only a fit recognition of the way in which literature and art have become socialized, so to speak. We refer to the great truth that books are now valued mainly for their social function. They are read only because they are talked about, and only in order to talk about them. Even so, and with the limits thus happily narrowed, an unpleasant deal of reading has to be done by those who aim to acquit themselves creditably in the best society. But a safe and condensed guide would serve all purposes and save much valuable time. Index-learning of this kind, that makes no student pale, would recommend itself mightily to those who are compelled to give as much thought to their complexion as to their conversation. This is the age of literary pemmican—of books about books, condensed masterpieces, shortened college courses, and learning while you wait—and why should we not have the thing carried

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to its logical conclusion, and ready-made opinions put within reach of the humblest purse?

It may be demanded that we should ourselves essay an outline of the kind of manual we have in mind. But we cannot prophesy so far before the event. We can only say what we wish might be fashionable. If it were in our power, most gladly would we ordain the literary fashions for 1897 as follows: Criticism this year will all be "genial"; all book-notices will be "handsome"; foreign fiction will not be so much as mentioned in good society; the long-sought American novel will be found, twenty or thirty strong—. But we forbear. "The apprehension of the good gives but the greater feeling to the worse." Such a millennium can scarcely be due next year.

But though our courage and capacity are unequal to the task, we can see in the work of others bright promise of just the sort of thing needed. Here is Prof. Matthews's 'Introduction to American Literature,' for instance, which needs but a slight extension in order exactly to meet the case. He has a "brief chronology" at the end, in which we learn that the leading literary events of 1895 were the publication of Fuller's 'With the Procession,' Howells's 'My Literary Passions,' Roosevelt and Lodge's 'Hero Tales of American History,' and Stockton's 'Captain Horn.' This seems primarily designed to show how far we have got on since, say, 1841, when such crude pioneers as Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe were all we had to boast of in the publishers' lists. But it is clear that a little jump forward in this "brief chronology" would at once land us in 1896 or 1897, and, by simple expansion and due provision of graded adjectives, give us in American socio-literature just what M. Lalo proposes to furnish in French. We have Mr. Roosevelt's word for it that this work of Prof. Matthews's, which we should like to see extended in this way, is, as it would need to be, thoroughly American. (It should be said, in passing, that Messrs. Lodge and Roosevelt are just as firmly determined to found a patriotic literature as they are to have a patriotic war.) Mr. Bunner, too, has lately explained how this author got his truly American culture direct, as it were, and not in the painful and roundabout way via England which Lowell and Hawthorne had to pursue. That Mr. Bunner is an authority is clear from his figuring in Prof. Matthews's "brief chronology." So does Mr. Roosevelt more than once. Hence, of his warm commendation of Prof. Matthews, we can say with Dr. Johnson, "This, if not criticism, is at least gratitude."

POPE ALEXANDER VI.'S BULL, AND THE TREATY OF MUNSTER.

GEORGETOWN, February 11, 1896.

ON opening the volume entitled 'Venezuelan International Law,' the first document that presents itself is the Bull of Pope Alexander VI., dated May 4, 1493, in which that Pontiff fixed the line of demarcation of the domains of the Crowns of Spain and Portugal in America. Of Roderigo Borgia, who filled the Holy See at that time, the world has held but a poor opinion; but this particular act of his has rendered him famous, while other acts have proved him infamous. The manner in which the historian Robertson characterizes the granting of the Bull is such as will not be dissented from by Americans. The following are Dr. Robertson's words:

"The Pope, as the Vicar and representative of Jesus Christ, was supposed to have a right of dominion over all the kingdoms of the earth. Alexander VI., a pontiff infamous for every crime which disgraces humanity, filled the papal throne at that time. As he was born Ferdinand's subject, and very solicitous to secure the protection of Spain in order to facilitate the execution of his ambitious schemes in favor of his own family, he was extremely willing to gratify the Spanish monarch. By an act of liberality which cost him nothing, and that served to establish the jurisdiction and pretensions of the papal see, he granted in full right to Ferdinand and Isabella all the countries inhabited by Infidels which they had discovered or should discover; and, in virtue of that power which he derived from Jesus Christ, he conferred on the Crown of Castile vast regions, to the possession of which he himself was so far from having any title that he was unacquainted with their situation and ignorant even of their existence."

Pope Alexander having given to Spain what did not belong to him, one cannot be surprised that the other European sovereigns did not admit the exclusive right of the most Catholic King to the New World. When Cabot went forth from England in 1497, he was commissioned by King Henry VII. (a very good son of the Church) to take possession of such lands as he might discover in the New World and to set up the royal standard there. King Francis the First of France not only desired to "see the clause in Adam's will which entitled his brothers of Castile and Portugal to divide the New World between them," but sent out Verrazzano, in 1523, to prosecute discoveries in the northern parts of America, whence came the colony of New France. The Dutch traded to South America while yet they were subjects of Spain. When the Dutch threw off the yoke of Spain they were "not Christians, but Hollanders," as they are said to have told a sovereign of Japan. As early as 1581 the States-General of Holland passed *resolutions* (June 10 and 14 and July 7 and 22) declaring certain persons privileged to trade to the coast of Guiana.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century and in the early part of the seventeenth century, the three maritime nations set to work in earnest to found colonies in the New World. This movement was not confined to North America. It was in active operation in South America at the same time. There it was confined to Guiana, which was also known as the Wild Coast. While Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen were severally building up a New England, a New France, and a New Netherlands, in North America, their respective countrymen were engaged in making settlements in various places in Guiana. In the case of England, it was one and the same man, Sir Walter Raleigh, who promoted colonies in Virginia and at the same time hankered after establishing English rule in Guiana. Owing to the difference in the conditions of life (notably as to climate), the results were unequal; but the colonizing intention was identical in the two regions. In either case settlements were made in despite of Pope and Spaniard. It is to the absolute repudiation of the Spanish pretension to an exclusive right to North America that the republic of the United States owes its existence. The colonies whence it sprang were mainly founded at a time when Spain claimed the whole of North America. Did not Spain threaten to send ships to Virginia to remove the English colonists? (Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' 1876, vol. i., p. 111.) The Spaniards, indeed, recognized the Dutch settlements in Guiana before they recognized those of the English in North America. Even the Venezuelans admit that, by the Treaty of Munster, the Spaniards were good enough to permit that the Dutch might keep such colonies as they held in Guiana. The Treaty of Munster was made in 1648. Now what does Bancroft say as to Spanish recognition of English colonies in North America? Here are his very words:

"The first treaty relating to England and America between Spain and England was ratified in 1667 and made more general in 1670. Before that time, Spain had claimed not the territory of the Carolinas only, but that of Virginia, New England—in short, of all North America. By this convention she recognized as English the colonies which England then possessed; but the boundaries in the South and West were not determined." ('History of the United States,' 1876, vol. i., p. 523.)

There cannot be one standard for judging the rightfulness of making settlements in North America and another for making settlements in South America. If it was wrong for European nations to colonize in Guiana, it was equally wrong for them to colonize in North America. If any Americans hold that Pope Alexander's Bull gave the Spaniards an exclusive right to the New World, they must perceive that the only logical conclusion to such an admission is that the great Republic is possessed of much territory that was stolen from Spain. If restitution is to be made for the great wrong done, a beginning might well be made by handing over the State of New York to the republic of Venezuela; for did not England obtain the Dutch colony whence grew the Empire State by giving Surinam in exchange for it? And who does not know that if the Venezuelans "had their rights," Dutch Guiana (including Surinam) of to-day should form part of that republic? To Americans the situation should be a painful one. They have consciences. The Briton, unscrupulous and unprincipled, "always grabbing what does not belong to him," still carries a brazen front. He will probably tell you that when the Irish in America respect the Papal Bull which erected Ireland into a kingdom for the King of England, and not till then, will he have reason to think of respecting Pope Alexander's authority to give away what did not belong to him.

Venezuelans set great store by the Treaty of Munster, in 1648. It is hard to see how that treaty upholds their present "claims." By its fifth article, provision was made that each party should retain possession of what it "held and possessed." This, surely, did not refer to lands then unoccupied by any Christian Prince. Now, what were the respective possessions of the Spaniards and the Dutch at that time in Guiana? The Orinoco was "a forgotten Colony." Putting aside the missionary settlement of San Thomé, which was made on the Orinoco in 1576 and was destroyed by the Dutch in 1579 (a settlement, be it noted, only of Indians, besides the two religious fathers), it was not until 1591 that Berreo's settlement of ten Spaniards, at his town of San Thomé, was formed. That was eleven years after the Dutch had

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made their settlement of Nova Zealandia, on the Pomeroon. Before this, the Spaniards had sent some expeditions into the Orinoco, which had suffered at the hands of the Caribs and by disease. The Venezuelans say:

"The first discoveries of the Spaniards had not, however, extended at first beyond the shores of the Orinoco, nor had those of the Portuguese extended further north of the Amazone; and it was only by virtue of successive and partial expeditions that both countries gradually extended their dominions with the right of first occupants" ('Venezuelan International Law,' p. 169).

But where is the proof of extension of dominion, or of occupation? The insignificance of the Spanish "holdings and possessions" in the neighborhood of the Orinoco may be gathered from the subjoined extract from the well-known work of the French philosopher, Raynal:

"In 1771, thirteen villages were seen upon the banks of the Oroonoko, which contained four thousand two hundred and nineteen Spaniards, Mestees, Mulattoes, or Negroes, four hundred and thirty-one plantations, and twelve thousand eight hundred and fifty-four oxen, mules, or horses."

After stating that Columbus had discovered the Oroonoko, Abbé Raynal says:

"The Spaniards, who could not pay attention to all the regions they discovered, lost sight of the Oroonoko. They did not attempt to sail up this river again till the year 1535, when, not having found there the mines they were in search of, they neglected it. Nevertheless, the few who had been thrown upon this spot devoted themselves with so much assiduity to the culture of Tobacco that they delivered a few cargoes of it every year to the foreign vessels which came to purchase it. This contraband trade was prohibited by the mother country, and this weak settlement was twice plundered by enterprising pirates. These disasters occasioned it to be forgotten. It was recalled to mind again in 1753. The Commodore Nicolas de Ytuniga was sent there. This prudent man established a regular system of government in the colony that had formed itself insensibly in this part of the world" ('History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies,' by the Abbé Raynal. vol. iv., p. 73).

Such as they were, the Spanish settlements were identified with the Orinoco rather than with Guiana. Raynal's view covers the period of the Treaty of Munster and comes down to 1771. It is well to be borne in mind that the scanty settlements of the latter date were on both banks of the Orinoco, not on the Guiana side only. Raynal's account confirms that given by the New Englander, Bancroft, in 1768, when he wrote that the Spaniards had then "no other possessions in this country, except their settlements on the eastern side of the River Oronoque, near the confines of its limits, and therefore can hardly be included among the proprietors of Guiana" ('Essay on the Natural History of Guiana,' London, 1769, p. 273).

As with the English colony of Carolina, in North America, in the seventeenth century, so, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in South America, did the Spaniards deem their possession of some isolated place "proof of the actual possession of an indefinite adjacent country." In South America the puny settlement at San Thomé, on the Orinoco, gave them a pretence to claim the whole of Guiana, a country of about 900,000 square miles, extending from the Orinoco to the Amazon. In North America they claimed Carolina, in like manner, as Bancroft tells us:

"It was included by the Spaniards within the limits of Florida; and the Castle of St. Augustine was deemed proof of the actual possession of an indefinite adjacent country. Spain had never formally acknowledged the English title to any possessions in America; and, when a treaty was finally concluded at Madrid, it did but faintly concede the right of England to her transatlantic colonies and to a continuance of commerce in the accustomed seas" ('History of the United States,' 1876, vol. i., page 484).

When the Dutch were establishing their colony of New Netherlands in 1621-1622, they were regarded by the New Englanders as "intruders." The Privy Council in England was appealed to by the English colonists, and representations were made in February, 1622, by Sir Dudley Carleton, the English Minister at The Hague ('History of the U. S. A.,' 1876, pp. 38, 39). All was done in vain. The Dutchmen remained in possession. Although North America had been discovered by a Venetian serving the Crown of England, as South America was discovered by a Genoese serving the Crown of Spain, it was physically impossible for the English of that time to occupy, hold, or possess the whole of that vast region. Hence, the French, the Dutch, the Swedes, and the Spaniards had each possessed themselves of portions of the northern continent. Each claimed more than it did, or could, possess, excepting, perhaps, the Swedes, whose settlement on the Delaware was looked upon as an encroachment by the Dutch. As the New England settlers had not occupied the Hudson and its neighborhood, the Dutch had a right to settle there. With even stronger rights could the Hollanders and Zealanders make settlements in Guiana, where vast regions were unoccupied by any Christian prince or people. They rightly held that Spanish possessions in Guiana meant little more than a mere château in Spain.

N. Darnell Davis.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER I.

Paris, February 27, 1896.

You see sometimes, at the end of a warm summer's day, two large clouds moving slowly towards each other, gradually extending and getting darker and darker; they finally meet and the first peals of thunder are heard. I could not help thinking of this preparation for a great convulsion of nature while reading the third volume of M. Albert Vandal's great work on Napoleon and Alexander I. of Russia. The volume has for its sub-title "La Rupture." Like its predecessors, this huge volume of 600 pages consists of ponderous and elaborate diplomatic documents, drawn from our archives; it has a certain sort of solemnity which easily becomes fatiguing. The details of the incessant negotiations between the courts are often wearisome, and the author indulges in a profusion of considerations which are almost a burden on the mind of the reader. The style, too, is often pompous and elaborate, and is always wanting in simplicity and alertness; but you feel, at the same time, that the author has great sincerity and is constantly striving after historic truth. He spares no pains, he is absolutely impartial, and his seriousness is that of a judge.

The events he has to deal with, the actors whom he has to endue with life, deserve such a great effort. There was perhaps never in the history of our time a more extraordinary, a more solemn hour than that in which the fate of Europe seemed to be in the hands of these two men alone, Napoleon and Alexander. They divided the civilized world at Tilsit; they formed an alliance which for a time was irresistible. M. Vandal has told us in his two former volumes how this alliance was induced and how it was formed; he has shown us, also, what dangers threatened it from the first hour, and what secret motives were actuating the two sovereigns who, in the eyes of the world, had become united on all points. Poland was the sore spot, the cause of a growing distrust between Napoleon and Alexander. Napoleon wished, in order to keep his hold on Germany, to make of Poland a sort of *tête de pont*, an advanced sentinel; whereas Alexander looked upon a new Poland, rising resuscitated at the summons of Napoleon, as a sword piercing the vitals of Russia. He could not bear the idea of the reconstitution of the ancient kingdom which had been dismembered in the eighteenth century, and as soon as this dread entered his mind he prepared himself to put an end to the alliance.

Alexander complained first of the incorporation of the Duchy of Oldenburg in the French Empire. The duchy belonged to a prince who was connected with the Russian imperial family. "The true reason," says Joseph de Maistre, "which induces two men to cut each other's throats, is almost never the apparent reason which is given." M. Vandal is right in showing that the true reason was Poland. "The monstrous development of the French power, the progress of a frontier which moved and changed constantly, the recent seizure of Holland and of the Hanseatic cities, the extension of the territory of the Empire to the shores of the Baltic, the enslavement of Prussia, the growing exigencies of the Continental blockade, denoted a plan of universal domination which Alexander felt it incumbent upon him to resist. But the Duchy of Warsaw was the vanguard of France in the north, and at contact with it Alexander lost patience." In great secrecy he sent Prince Czartoryski to Warsaw, offering to the Poles to transform the duchy into a kingdom, united to his own empire, if they were willing to join the army of 200,000 men which he was silently forming against Napoleon—for he was then thinking of an offensive war. He knew that Spain was absorbing a great part of the French forces; he believed that the Saxon, Bavarian, Westphalian, and other German troops which were mixed up with the French troops, would not remain faithful if he could cut his way in Germany. He had first, however, to deal with the Duchy of Warsaw, with Sweden and with Turkey; if he made an offensive war, he could not leave enemies behind him. Bernadotte hated Napoleon, but was not yet absolute master in Sweden. Russia was carrying on a war with Turkey and negotiating at the same time. It was necessary, further, for Alexander, if he made an offensive war, to secure the neutrality of Austria; but since 1810 the relations of Napoleon with Austria had become intimate and were the scandal of Europe. The Emperor Francis had given his daughter to Napoleon, and Metternich was living in intimacy with him, turning a deaf ear to all the advances of Russia.

Alexander soon renounced the idea of an offensive war. Czartoryski sent him a disguised agent with a letter full of objections to the plan which Alexander had confided to him; Alexander sent to Czartoryski a second letter. "The difficulties are great, I confess; as I had foreseen them in great part, and as the results are of such vital importance, to stop half-way would be the worst thing to do." Alexander in this second letter said that he counted chiefly on "the general exasperation of Germany" against the French Emperor, and he set over against the 150,000 French and allies whom

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Napoleon could find in Germany, 200,000 Russians, 130,000 Poles, Prussians, and Danes, perhaps 200,000 Austrians. As for Austria, he was prepared to buy her neutrality by the offer of Wallachia and Moldavia, in exchange for Galicia. His own armies were in complete readiness; everything was calculated and combined; it remained for the Poles of Warsaw to choose if they wished to abandon the French cause or to remain on the side of Napoleon.

M. Vandal shows us how Alexander was preparing the ground in Austria, where he had accredited a secret agent, just as Louis XV. used to have (read the "Secret du Roi" by the Duke de Broglie). This agent delivered to Stackelberg, who was the Russian Ambassador in Vienna, letters from Alexander which had not been shown to Alexander's minister, Romanzoff. A secret correspondence of the same sort was kept up with the Prussian Court. In Paris, the official representative of Alexander was Kurakin, old, infirm, and of feeble intellect; behind this phantom was young Count Tchernitcheff, colonel of the guards, who had organized a complete system of military information. Tchernitcheff was one of those spies of society with whom Paris is well acquainted, and by whom it likes to be half deceived; he was a great favorite in society—it was said that Pauline Borghese, the handsome Pauline, was not insensible to his homage. He was in reality the vigilant eye of Alexander.

Alexander maintained mysterious relations with Talleyrand after Erfurt, and had accredited near him young Count Nesselrode. Soon after the interview, Nesselrode, who was then secretary of the Russian Embassy in Paris, presented himself to Talleyrand, and said to him in proper terms: "I am officially employed under Prince Kurakin, but I am accredited to you. I am in private correspondence with the Emperor, and I bring you a letter from him." Ever afterwards, they saw each other regularly. The secret was well kept. The French Ambassador in St. Petersburg was a soldier, Caulaincourt, recently made Duke of Vicenza; he suspected nothing. He was treated at court as *persona gratissima*, and was the object of the most delicate and constant attentions on the part of the Emperor. In the first days of 1811 Caulaincourt dined at the palace. The news of the incorporation of the Hanseatic cities in the French Empire had just arrived. "Do you know," merely remarked the Emperor to Caulaincourt, "that you have again new departments?" Caulaincourt tried to justify Napoleon: France was going to do a great work, to open a canal between the Baltic and the North Sea; the commerce of Russia would be greatly benefited by it. "Well," said Alexander, "it will not be Russia who will put an end to the amicable relations between the two countries." A few days afterwards Oldenburg was seized. Within a fortnight Alexander ceased to invite Caulaincourt; when he saw him again, he assured him that he would himself keep faithful to the treaties. "If Napoleon," said he, "comes on my frontier, if he wishes for war, he must make it, but he will have no cause of complaint against Russia. I give you my word of honor." Caulaincourt was under the charm of the Emperor. He did not understand him and perceive that the grace of his manner concealed a fixed and resolute purpose. We read in the memoirs of Countess Trembicka that Alexander's eyes never smiled like his lips: "His fixed gaze, almost alarming by its fixity, was never on his interlocutor, and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a mysterious phantom."

Napoleon, at the height of his power in the beginning of 1811, felt, nevertheless, that all he had tried against England with a view to obtain a general peace had been vain; he felt that the Continental blockade was useless so long as it was not universal and complete. Masséna was powerless before the lines of Torres Vedras, and Napoleon could not strike a decisive blow in Spain. A reconciliation between England and Russia was always possible. A Russian ukase, prohibitive of French goods, was considered by Napoleon as a sign of hostility, all the more that it had been signed by Alexander before the seizure of Oldenburg. Napoleon said, speaking of Russia, "There is a great planet taking a false direction." During three sleepless nights he meditated on the situation, and came to the conclusion that Russia was preparing for war and that he must prepare himself also. He will not await an attack, but forms privily the plan of a campaign in Russia. As usual, he fixes all the details of his enterprise; nothing is forgotten. He has to conceal carefully the importance and the object of his preparations, but this time his designs are understood. Alexander watches all his steps. Diplomatically, the advance is taken by Alexander, who secures Bernadotte and prepares the ground in Austria and in Turkey. M. Vandal enters into the minutest particulars regarding the diplomatic preparations and negotiations which preceded the great struggle. Napoleon was becoming more and more convinced that it was his mission to break the power of Russia; he was the representative of civilization, the true successor of Cæsar and Charlemagne, the true successor, also, of the kings who had always felt it their duty to place obstacles in the way of Muscovite ambition, and to surround the Slavic empire with a chain of allied Powers—Sweden, Poland, Turkey. Napoleon, with the clearest head and one most capable of entering into the smallest details, was also a man of imagination; if Alexander would not be his obedient ally, his power must be broken for ever.

The military preparations continued on both sides. Napoleon became convinced after a while that Alexander was getting ready for war, for a long and terrible war if necessary. The French Emperor had not allowed the public to know anything of his projects, his fears, his hesitations; but, once having made up his mind, he struck, as usual, a great blow, and felt a desire to expose publicly the intentions of his rival. The occasion he chose was the 15th of August, his birthday. On that date a grand reception took place at the Tuileries. After the mass the diplomatic audience began. Napoleon took his place on his throne. The princes, the great dignitaries, the great officers of the Empire paid their respects first; then came the diplomatic body. Old Prince Kurakin, who was, as usual, covered with diamonds and decorations, was next to Prince Schwartzenberg and the Spanish Ambassadors. The Emperor made what is called "the circle," having here and there a foreigner presented to him by the Grand Chamberlain; on that day three American citizens were presented. After a while the Emperor walked towards Kurakin and began to converse with him. The Russians were very brave, but they had, he said, been obliged to evacuate Rustchuk, their *tête de pont* on the Danube. It was always better to be on both sides of a river, as he had learned at Lobau. And why did the Russians withdraw their troops from Rustchuk? It was because five divisions had been sent from Turkey to Poland. He did not understand these movements of troops in Poland. "I am," said he, "like the natural man; what I don't understand alarms me." Becoming more excited, he continued: "It is not the Duchy of Oldenburg that occupies you; you think I have designs on Poland; I begin to think that you want to be masters of Warsaw. Don't flatter yourselves; no, if your armies were camped on the hill of Montmartre, I would not cede an inch of the Varsovian territory. I have guaranteed it. You shall have not a village of it, not a mill. I do not think of reconstituting Poland—the interest of my people is not bound up with that country; if you force me into a war, I will use Poland against you." He could bring 800,000 men into line; he had every year 250,000 conscripts at his disposition. Kurakin could not get in a word, he was so moved and terrified. "Why did Russia," said Napoleon, "leave Turkey and turn on Poland? You are like the hare who has received some shot; he rises half mad on his hind legs, exposing his whole body to a new discharge." He thus entertained Kurakin for three-quarters of an hour, giving himself up to a premeditated passion. The poor Prince went away, sweating in his gilded coat, but merely muttering, "It is very warm at his Majesty's!"

Correspondence.

CAPT. JAMES MACKAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am prompted by the remarks in the *Nation* of the 5th inst., on Prof. Woodrow Wilson's article on "Colonel Washington," in *Harper's* for this month, to mention an error which that writer has fallen into by following too closely the letters of Governor Dinwiddie, who always wrote of Capt. James Mackay and his independent company as from South Carolina. This statement is repeated by Prof. Wilson.

Capt. Mackay came to America as a young officer in Oglethorpe's regiment, and, after serving with that command for some time, he settled upon a tract of land on the Ogeechee River, to which he gave the name Strathy Hall, his home as long as he lived. He held offices of honor and trust in the colony of Georgia, and was for several years a member of the Council of the Royal Governor, Sir James Wright. The frequent reference to him by Governor Dinwiddie as from South Carolina is, therefore, rather remarkable.

General Washington was, however, a little more careful; for, in replying to a letter from Robert Sinclair, a Scotch relation of the Mackays, in 1792, he wrote:

"My acquaintance with Captain Mackay commenced in the year 1754, when I commanded the troops which were sent to prevent the encroachments of the French upon the Western boundaries of the then colonies. Captain Mackay then commanded an Independent Company, either from Georgia or South Carolina, and was captured with me by an army of French and Indians at a place called the Great Meadows. In 1755 he left the service, sold out, and went to Georgia," etc. (See 'Writings of Washington,' edited by Sparks, vol. xii, p. 303.)

Captain Mackay died at Alexandria, Va., early in December, 1785, and his death was thus noticed in the *Georgia Gazette*, Thursday, December 29, 1785: "*Died* lately, at Alexandria, Virginia, James Mackay, Esq., of this State."

Wm. Harden,
Librarian Ga. Hist. Society.

Savannah, March 7, 1896.

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THOMAS HUTCHINSON'S 'STRICTURES.'

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his masterly and noble-minded 'Life of Thomas Hutchinson,' just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Prof. James K. Hosmer gives, on pages 338-339, some account of an anonymous pamphlet issued in London, in the autumn of 1776, entitled 'Strictures upon the Declaration of the Congress at Philadelphia; in a Letter to a Noble Lord, etc.' Very properly, this pamphlet is attributed to Hutchinson by Prof. Hosmer. "The document, though unsigned, gives indisputable internal evidence of its authorship." "That Hutchinson was the author is also the opinion of Dr. George E. Ellis." I have in my hand at this moment the means of placing Hutchinson's authorship of the pamphlet beyond the need of mere inference from internal evidence, namely, the very copy of it which was presented at the time by Hutchinson to his predecessor in office, and bearing on the title-page the inscription, "To Sir Francis Bernard Bar't From the Author." These words are in the well-known handwriting of Hutchinson.

Yours faithfully, Moses Coit Tyler.

Library of Cornell University, March 9, 1896.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce 'My Confidences,' the autobiography of Frederick Locker-Lampson; a new biography of Madame Roland, by Miss Ida M. Tarbell; 'A Handbook to the Labor Law of the United States,' by F. J. Stimson; 'Agnosticism and Religion,' by President Schurman of Cornell; a 'Hebrew History,' by Dr. Charles F. Kent of Brown University; 'Shakspere and his Predecessors in the English Drama,' by Prof. F. L. Boas of Oxford; and a Walton edition of Dr. Van Dyke's 'Little Rivers,' limited to 150 copies of exquisite make.

'Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages,' by Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M., in two volumes; a second edition of this writer's 'Question of Copyright'; 'The History of Oratory and Orators,' by Henry Hardwicke; the fourth and concluding volume of the Writings of Thomas Paine, edited by Moncure D. Conway, together with a popular edition of the 'Age of Reason'; and a new and enlarged edition of 'The American Crisis,' by Frederick D. Greene, are soon to be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Frederick Warne have nearly ready 'By Tangled Paths: Stray Leaves from Nature's Byeways,' essays by H. Mead Briggs, arranged in a sort of monthly conspectus.

'Russian Politics' is the title of a work, by Herbert M. Thompson, shortly to be brought out by Henry Holt & Co. Each chapter will conclude with bibliographical references.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish 'Southern Side-lights,' a picture of social and economic life in the South during a generation before the war, by Edward Ingle; 'State Railroad Control,' with a history of its development in Iowa, by Frank H. Dixon of Michigan University; 'Taxation and Taxes in the United States under the Internal Revenue System,' by Frederic C. Howe; and 'Proportional Representation,' by Prof. John R. Commons of Syracuse University.

A volume of translations from Euripides, Theocritus, Anacreon, and Sappho, by Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick, is in the press of George H. Richmond.

D. C. Heath & Co. promise a 'Compendium of United States and Contemporary History,' by Annie E. Wilson.

A volume of psychological sketches, 'Six Modern Women,' by Laura Marholm Ramsden, will be issued by Roberts Bros. Duse, Bashkirtseff, Kovalevsky, are three of the six.

William Doxey, San Francisco, announces 'Some Representative Poets of the 19th Century,' by Prof. Melville B. Anderson; 'A Sonnet-Book: Being Sonnets about the Sonnet,' selected by Prof. Anderson; 'Four-Leaved Clover,' Stanford University rhymes by Carolus Alger; 'Na-Kupuna: The Hawaiian Legend of Creation,' a poem in three parts; 'Hawaii: A Missionary Republic,' a history from 1820 to the present day; a 'Guide to San Francisco,' by Arthur B. Barendt; and 'The Wild Flowers of California: Their Homes and Habits,' described by Mary Elizabeth Parsons and illustrated by Margaret Warriner Buck.

The Hubbard Publishing Co. have nearly ready 'Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities,' by the Rev. Edwin M. Bliss and others, with many illustrations.

The *Public Opinion* Co., New York, will shortly begin publication of "The Hamilton Facsimiles of Manuscripts," documents which in part at least have a bearing on the Monroe Doctrine and the Cuban question.

The first gun, so to speak, in the literary celebration of the Gibbon centenary is a new edition of the 'Decline and Fall' in seven volumes, edited by J. B. Bury, M. A., Professor of Modern History in Dublin University (London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan). The form chosen is a handy duodecimo; the type, large and clear in a broad and somewhat condensed page. Mr. Bury has not abused his prerogative, either by undue expansion of his introduction or by his annotations and corrections. He adduces some interesting examples of Gibbon's painstaking alterations of the second edition both for greater accuracy and with reference to rhetorical improvement, and in a broad way reviews the quality of this classic work in the light of recent scholarship.

That not more instructive than agreeable work, 'The Burman: His Life and Notions' (Macmillan), which for pure entertainment would worthily find a place on the same shelf with the elder Kipling's 'Beast and Man in India,' has just been issued in a second edition substantially unchanged, and in a single volume instead of two. We spoke our praise of it fourteen years ago, and we shall only add that it merited a well-chosen set of photographic illustrations, in harmony with the elegant letterpress.

A new and enlarged edition of the Rev. Dr. E. C. Mitchell's 'Critical Handbook of the Greek New Testament' (Harpers) has just been issued, advantage having been taken of the completion of Dr. Gregory's 'Prolegomena' to Tischendorf's Greek Testament, and of the recent publication of Miller's fourth edition of Scrivener's 'Introduction,' to improve the first edition, published in 1880. The same general plan has been observed; the several parts treating of the authenticity, the canon, and the text of the New Testament. Part iv., about one-half of the volume, consists of thirteen tables and diagrams for reference; the lists of both the uncial and cursive manuscripts being very complete, with fifteen facsimiles. It may surprise some readers to learn how many manuscripts are owned in this country. In noticing the Apostolic Fathers, as Clement and Polycarp, we miss any mention of the late Bishop of Durham's notable editions, and there is a great dearth of references to German works of criticism. We have observed some misprints in proper names, as *Edensheim* (p. 68), *H. B. Sweete*, and *M. R. Jones* (p. 78). The book will prove useful to the student unprovided with more extensive works.

In 1871 Count Benedetti published a volume entitled 'Ma Mission en Prusse.' It contained the most important of his dispatches as French ambassador at Berlin, and his entire correspondence with the Duke de Gramont (Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs) during his mission at Ems, in July, 1870. Attacked by De Gramont, who declared his explanations to be "inexact," and contested his claim to have succeeded in the prime object of his mission, Benedetti prepared, in 1873, a new and in some points fuller statement of his negotiations with the King of Prussia. This statement, which he decided to hold back at the time, because of the death of De Gramont, now appears as the concluding essay in his volume of 'Studies in Diplomacy' (Macmillan); a large portion of a long preface is also devoted to the same historical episode. Nothing of importance in added to the disclosures that Benedetti made in 1871. The rest of the volume contains articles on the movement of European politics before and after the Franco-German war, reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The translation is faithful, but not idiomatic.

In his new novel, 'Dernier Refuge' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), M. Édouard Rod again shows himself a vigorous and clever writer. The subject of the story is the favorite one of French novelists, but the share allowed to soul-life is large, preponderating even; and conscience is assigned a serious rôle. The plot is simple, and the characters are few, but strongly marked. At times the account of the inner struggles of the hero and the heroine is drawn out to a dangerous length, but the story as a whole is interesting and not lacking in true pathos.

"Contributions to Biology from the Hopkins Laboratory of Biology," III., published jointly by Stanford University and the California Academy of Science, is a paper of 70 pages and 29 plates on 'The Fishes of Puget Sound,' by Prof. D. S. Jordan and Edwin C. Starks. The work is one of importance. In connection with the names in the list many notes are given. Mainly the work is descriptive; fourteen new species and eight new genera are described, and, besides, there are six new generic names applied to other species. It is to be questioned whether some of the types are sufficiently distinct to warrant separation and higher rank. For instance, the new genus *Zalarges* is founded on a form which from figure or description is hardly separated from *Maurolicus*, of Cocco, 1838; and, judging from the data given, the four new genera, *Podothecus*, *Stelgis*, *Averruncus*, and *Xystes*, will on revision probably be run together.

No. 2 of the "Hopkins Seaside Laboratory Contributions," Stanford University, is an able article of thirty-seven pages and fourteen plates on 'The Cranial Characters of the Rock-Fishes, *Sebastodes*,' by Frank Cramer. The author, as a result of his investigation, rightly disestablishes quite a number of the genera and species into which the genus has heretofore been divided; but he leaves us to wish his comparisons had been carried further, among the differences seen in the skulls of the sexes, for instance. His statement that these fishes abruptly disappear to the southward of the United States to reappear in the temperate and cold waters of western South America, is somewhat incorrect; they retire to greater depths under the tropics—that is all.

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The 'Catalogue of Scientific Papers' compiled by the Royal Society of London (London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan) is concluded in the newly issued eleventh volume (Pet-Zyb). We may remind our readers that the papers here indexed, by author-title solely, are for the decade 1874–1883. Among the weightiest English names is that of Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson), and a large number of entries occur under the names of our countrymen, the late C. V. Riley, and Henry A. Rowland, J. A. Ryder, N. S. Shaler, Charles A. White, Burt G. Wilder, etc. A few pages are devoted at the end to anonymous writers, and thus the 900th page of this superb publication is overpassed.

Legislation by States in 1895, briefly summarized and classified and thoroughly indexed, forms the New York State Library Bulletin "Legislation No. 6," a volume of more than 300 pages. This incomparably useful annual comparison is a perfect key to the more or less blind and wayward, largely imitative, and savingly if sparingly original and beneficent law-making in thirty-seven States and two Territories for the year just past. The student of tendencies could have no handier compendium, and it ought to be a check on all contemplated legislation. It will be sent to any address from the State Library at Albany for 35 cents. A new feature is a list of constitutional amendments voted on in 1894 and 1895, as well as those now pending.

Attention has heretofore been called in these columns to the merits of the German literary periodical *Euphorion*. The first number for 1896 (third volume) is fully equal to its predecessors in wealth and variety of material. There are contributions relating to Geibel, Fischart, Lenau, Jean Paul, and several minor writers; a first instalment of a series of papers on W. von Humboldt (including some hitherto unpublished letters to Schiller), by Albert Leitzmann of Weimar; some fifty pages are devoted to Goethe—Richard M. Meyer, one of his ablest recent biographers, contributing a number of "notes," and Georg Witkowski of Leipzig, reviews (not all complimentary) of five recent books on Goethe. As many as two hundred periodicals, journals, "Beilagen," etc., have been ransacked for articles on subjects pertaining to German literature, yielding a harvest so rich and varied that it would be strange if every student of that literature did not find something of especial interest for him. The number of these titles and references cannot be far from a thousand. We renounce the task of even giving a complete summary of the contents of the number.

The *Archivio Storico dell' Arte* for September-October, 1895, makes up for less than usual wealth of reading-matter by a large number of reproductions after unhackneyed works of worthy masters. Several of Gaudenzio Ferrari's altar-pieces are published as illustrations to an article by Signor Giulio Bonola, on a triptych at Borgomanero. Signor Supino continues his admirable study of the Pisan sculptors with a paper on Nino and Tommaso. Sig. Calzini draws attention to the ducal palace at Gubbio, now dilapidated—its best carvings carried off to South Kensington—tottering, like the splendid town it once commanded, to a squalid ruin, but originally built, with scarcely less splendor than its more fortunate rival at Urbino, for the same Duke Frederic and by the same architect, Luciano Laurano. An even more sumptuous structure, built some sixty years later, the castle at Trent, still remains intact, with its exquisitely carved columns of Verona marble, its gorgeous ceilings, and its brilliant frescoes by Dosso, Romanino, and Girolamo da Treviso, cared for by the Austrian authorities, who now use it as a barracks, in a way that should be a lesson to the fussy and slovenly art-commissioners of Italy. Signor H. Semper publishes a number of documents furnishing the names of most of the artists employed on this structure, and the precise date of their employment. Several book notices, with copious reproductions after Borgognone, Cossa, and Girolamo da Treviso, complete the number.

Some weeks ago we noted the discovery at Pompeii of the finest and most richly furnished house which the excavations there have brought to light. Good representations of some of the pictures on its walls appear in a late number of *L'Illustration*. One of these, a "Flying Group," composed of the figures of two women, half nude, veiled only by floating drapery, is most remarkable. It is full not only of grace, but of character and strength. Most of the paintings at Pompeii are no more than copies of celebrated pictures reproduced by clever hands; but this last fresco appears to be the original work of a serious artist. The house, which belonged to the opulent family of the Vettii, is to be preserved with all its luxury of decoration untouched. The pictures will be protected against rain and sun by glasses and awnings; the statues will be left on their pedestals, and the furniture and other objects will remain as they were found. It is expected that the same rule will be applied to all houses discovered hereafter, and this will add greatly to their interest.

The first volume of Henri Rochefort's 'Aventures de ma Vie' has been published by Paul Dupont, and within five days reached its eleventh edition. This is one of the greatest *succès de libraire* for long years. The buyers of the volume can hardly, one would say, have followed its chapters as they have appeared daily in *Le Jour*. There is a distinct lack in them of the vivacity and wit which characterize other writings of M. Rochefort, and they contain, too, a good deal of padding. M. Rochefort means to stretch his memoirs out to the extent of four volumes, and he uses his material with a sparing hand.

Scholars who have consulted at Venice the catalogue of manuscripts in the Marcian Library, have been aware at least of a manuscript appendix summarily describing the Greek codices acquired since 1740. These codices have now, under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction and the direction of Castellani, prefect of the library, begun to be described bibliographically in print. The first volume to appear takes up No. 78, being the MSS. relating to the Bible and its interpreters. It is provided with an index of codices and another of names. Such of the codices as are dated have their characters facsimiled, with obvious advantage to the study of palæography.

The Museum of Natural History at Vienna has for a long time been in possession of an Egyptian mummy which was a puzzle to the savants. Its case resembled closely those which contain human remains, and yet the inscriptions upon the outside gave reason to suppose that it was the mummy of an ibis. It was so rare an object that the authorities of the museum were disinclined to open it and unroll its bandages Recently, however, the idea seized them of taking it to the new school of photography, or "skiagraphy," whereupon the Röntgen rays revealed very clearly the figure of the skeleton of a great bird.

A national Hungarian Millennium Exhibition will be opened on May 2 at Budapest by the Emperor-King in person, who will also be among the exhibitors in this display, in two sections, of "the intellectual and commercial condition of Hungary in past ages and at the present time." The Sultan of Turkey, by a certain irony, will also be a contributor. Fêtes and historical pageants within the walls of the Exhibition, in connection with a peasant village, will heighten the general interest. The architecture of the great building will be commemorative. Tourists may, therefore, well direct their steps to an historic city which in itself amply repays a visit.

—A remarkable collection is to be offered the coming week by auction. It is known as "The Frossard Revolutionary Collection," and includes, among other things, the so-called Trumbull collection of sketches, with a large addition of arms, relics, and mementoes belonging to Trumbull, the artist, and to Gen. Washington and his family. We looked with some curiosity at the owner's "proem" to the catalogue, hoping to find some proofs of the authenticity of these relics. They have been in the market for some years, and all efforts to trace them through a rather doubtful financial operation to Trumbull have failed. The internal evidence is against their being genuine productions of Trumbull's pen or brush; their historical value is worthless, as they represent impossible scenes and depict individuals in grotesque forms and situations. Astonishing as are the claims made in behalf of the sketches, still more astonishing are the descriptions of the relics and mementoes, each one of which seems to have been carefully described by Trumbull himself, as if he had prepared a full inventory of all his effects, however minute or insignificant. As examples: "Brass fire pan, brought to this country by General Lafayette, and used by him during the war. He presented it to General Lee, who afterwards gave it to me. J. T." An old tray brought from Scotland by P. Henry's father was presented to Trumbull by Patrick Henry, as was a brass blunderbuss. An old lock, presented by Gen. Washington to J. T., purports to have been "brought from England from his (G. W.'s) father's" house! This is but one degree removed from Mark Twain's Fragment of a Russian General. We are treated to Gen. Washington's wash-pan; also to three locks of hair; and an even more remarkable drawing in oil of Martha Dandridge at the age of eight and a half years, painted by John Smybert in 1741! Any one who has even a smattering of Revolutionary history and knowledge of the relations which existed between Gen. Washington and his staff and generals, will find great amusement from a study of this catalogue, and may be recommended to obtain a copy.

—Of late, honors are being lavished upon Herr Adolf Menzel, both at home and abroad; tardy recognition of his greatness as an artist, as well as of the influence he has had upon the development of modern illustration. The most recent distinction, his election as honorary foreign member of the English Royal Academy, is, of all, the most unexpected, since the Academy has always ignored black-and-white, and Menzel, distinguished illustrator as he is, cannot be thought anything but a most indifferent painter. However, the important point is that the attention he deserves has been called to him, so that his name is enjoying a prominence never granted to it before. No moment, therefore, could be

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more appropriate for the appearance of the volume on Menzel in the *Künstler-Monographien* series (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), prepared by Professor Knackfuss, the but little known artist who suddenly blossomed into notoriety by his collaboration with the German Emperor in that well-advertised, much-talked-about allegorical picture. Whatever may be one's opinion of the painting, there is certainly no question that the monograph is admirably done. No other book about Menzel contains such a representative series of his drawings, and these are, after all, the best and most significative record of his life's work. They begin with his early and not very interesting lithographs, done in the days before he had found French wood-engravers, and had trained German artists, who could reproduce his designs on the wood block. Then follow illustrations from the Works and History of Frederick the Great, which must ever remain the chief monument to his genius. There are a number of his wonderful battle-fields, and of his portraits of famous men; above all, that little masterpiece which shows the famous round table at Sans-Souci, with Frederick and Voltaire sitting side by side. There are single figures from 'The Uniforms of Frederick the Great.' There are numerous studies, leaves torn from his sketch-book. There is, in a word, enough to give those who have not seen the original books he illustrated some idea of his knowledge, his power, his conscientiousness, and his infinite variety as a draughtsman. The reproductions by process are fairly well done and excellently printed, while all necessary facts and dates are duly chronicled in the text by Professor Knackfuss. To its other merits the little book adds that of cheapness: it costs but three marks in Germany. Altogether, it will serve as a useful catalogue to all students of Menzel.

—The French Academy, upon the motion of its venerated *doyen*, M. Legouvé, has just revived what is known as "la discussion des titres." When a candidate presents himself to the Académie des Sciences or the Académie des Inscriptions, it is the custom to discuss his qualifications for membership in the Institute. Then, at a second meeting, his name is voted on. This has not hitherto been the rule at the French Academy. Candidates for the Academy have made, as a matter of rigorous custom, a call upon each of the actual Immortals to ask his suffrage; at the time of election the names proposed were voted on without debate. This will be changed in the future, and the title of candidates to membership in the Academy will be discussed before the vote is taken. This is not the first time that M. Legouvé has put forward the present plan of discussion, nor in fact the first time that he has carried it. He proposed the change in 1868, and it was adopted in spite of the opposition of Guizot, who afterwards, however, changed his mind upon the subject. While it was in force, the names of four candidates came up, each of which gave occasion to fierce debates. Violent opposition was made to the election of Littré, of Renan, of Taine, and of Alexandre Dumas. If there is to be a French Academy at all, it would certainly seem that such men as these should be members of it; but M. Legouvé appears to think that unless there had been free discussion of their titles to membership, not one of them would have been elected. This discussion was given up some time about 1879, after the election of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and just before that of M. Maxime Du Camp. "C'est trop tard ou trop tôt," a wit said. M. Legouvé had at the Academy the support of M.A. Mézières, who was his seconder, and of MM. Gréard, Brunetière, and Jules Simon; but the literary men, as a whole, were against him—why, one does not exactly see; or at least one sees no good reason. It was said that they feared, since few of them are good speakers, that they would not be very well able to back their friends in the debates.

—M. Legouvé supported his proposition in a speech full of interest and of charm, which has since been printed at length in the *Temps*. He has just passed his eighty-ninth birthday, and has been a member of the Academy for more than forty years. But the only sign of age which his speech shows lies in its ripe wisdom and in the tolerance and understanding which length of days ought to bring. It is delightful to read what he has to say of Littré, and of Dupanloup as well; of De Sacy and Guizot, as well as of Renan, Taine, and Dumas. Towards the end, he rises to a noble eloquence; pleading for a deeper feeling of confraternity among members of the Academy, and for a wider tolerance of younger men still outside it, and for at least some desire to understand and appreciate their work. No more sympathetic words have been addressed to the younger school of French writers than these of the venerable and venerated dean of the Academy.

—Marceau, the young general of the French Republic who was killed in battle at the early age of twenty-seven, after having risen to the rank of general and distinguished himself in many campaigns and many battles, is one of the most attractive figures in the military history of the French Revolution. Born in the same year as Napoleon, and but a few months later than Hoche, his early career was full of promise for the future, and, had he lived, he might have attained to a fame equal to theirs. But the Fates willed otherwise, and the name of Marceau recalls rather brilliant promise left lamentably unfulfilled than splendid achievement. More than one excellent biography of Marceau has been published in France, and it is with no desire to depreciate the good will and hard work of Capt. T. G. Johnson shown in his 'François Séverin Marceau, 1769-1796' (Macmillan), that we express our opinion that a translation of one of the recent biographies —of that by M. Parfait, for instance, or that by M. Maze—would have been more welcome than his original compilation from their volumes. Capt. Johnson is not very much at home in the recent literature of the French Revolution, and, indeed, it could hardly be expected that an officer bearing the letters I. S. C., indicating that he belongs to the Indian Staff Corps, after his name, should be so, and it would therefore have been wiser for him to translate rather than to attempt an original work. The setting of the biography is somewhat defective, and the author's use of authorities somewhat quaint, quoting, as he does, Alison as an authority, and praising the old-fashioned and theatrical work of Beauchamp on the Vendéan war as "impartial"; but the events of Marceau's life are correctly given, with an enthusiastic estimate of his most attractive personality. Since there exists, to our knowledge, no other biography of Marceau of any length in the English language, Capt. Johnson's volume may be read with interest and profit by those who are so unfortunate as not to be able to read French, but it is evidently not intended to appeal to the scholar or to the student, since it is without that most necessary part of an historical work, an index.

—Excepting an appendix on Superficial Anatomy, the new (tenth) edition of Quain's 'Anatomy' (edited by Professors Schäfer and Thane, and published by the Longmans) is now complete. The three volumes comprise eight parts, which may be had separately. Pending a review of the entire work, it may be said here that the two extremes of excellence are represented by the parts on the Nerves and the Sense Organs respectively. Not that, in the former, inaccuracies or omissions are many or great, or that there are wanting commendable features, *e. g.*, the diagrams and tables on pp. 344–356. But there are fewest evidences of progress in respect to method and terminology. The complex cranial nerves precede the simpler spinal. That anatomic bugbear, the brachial plexus, is portrayed on too small a scale and without designation of fundamental features, the so-called "trunks" and "cords." Instead of the brief yet comprehensive designation, *vagus*, the clumsy yet descriptively incomplete *pneumo gastric* is evidently preferred, although there are perplexing and inexplicable inconsistencies, as on p. 269. The author is apparently in a state of toponymic transition, for, while systematically describing the thoracic nerves as "dorsal," and their ventral and dorsal roots and branches as "anterior" and "posterior," he nevertheless (as at the foot of p. 269) uses the modern and exact phrases "ventro-lateral" and "dorso-laterally," and then, as if alarmed at his own explicitness, suddenly relapses into the ambiguities that have so long constituted the opprobrium of anatomic teachers and the stumbling-blocks of their pupils. Professor Schäfer's account of the organs of sense is admirable and is well illustrated by 178 figures, many of them new. The facts and ideas of the new histology are everywhere apparent. The concluding "comparison of the modes of arrangement of sensory cells and nerve fibres in the different organs of special sense" might well have been in larger type. Professor Schäfer has reëdited the histologic portion of the part on Splanchnology, but the gross anatomy has been largely rewritten by Dr. J. Symington, who has also added many excellent figures. The "Recent Literature" of each subject is a very helpful feature of this as of all the other parts. The phrases "alimentary canal" and "mucous membrane" recur with wearisome effect—the latter, for example, five times in fifteen consecutive lines. Why not use the unmistakable single words, *enteron* and *mucosa*, the latter practically warranted by the use of *submucosa* on p. 90?

—We cannot be too often reminded that no farther away than the waist of our own continent there lies, almost wholly neglected by American archæologists, a vast and splendid range of ancient ruins of the first class. Few tourists there have been so well fitted to judge them as Wm. H. Holmes, who visited Yucatan in January and February, 1895. His 'Monuments of Yucatan' (Part I. of "Archæological Studies among the Ancient Cities of Mexico") is of value as an authoritative fresh reminder how important are the Yucatec remains, and how imminent the need of serious, definitive study of them before the pry of tropic roots and the quarrying *paisano* shall have undone them past understanding. Probably nowhere else are such splendid vestiges going to wrack so swiftly. While Mr. Holmes's tour was too hasty and too conventional to throw much new light

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on this impressive field, he has done large service in reëmphasizing so clearly the need of examination on Bandelierian lines—one ruin at a time (not necessarily the most sensational one first); measurement, excavation; study of and through present natives; all lighted by the broadest horizon of documentary and field experience. The proof-reading of the book is hardly creditable to the Field Columbian Museum, of which it is publication 8; and there are traces of other carelessness. Misspellings like "Le Plongon" may happen, but endemic bad grammar should not persist. Verb and substantive quarrel in number with surprising frequency. The Spanish is often incorrect, *e. g.*, "Isla Mugeres" (p. 57). To speak of Indians as "the red race" is no longer tolerable in a scholar. The Indian is brown and calls *us* red, with a perception we might wisely learn. The "tigers" which figure in Yucatec architecture are of course jaguars, not tigers, and the author should hardly have been misled by the loose frontier Spanish *tigre*. To use without quotation-points or other danger-signals such words as "Cities," "Governor," "Palace," "Nunnery," with reference to the prehistoric Indian economies, is hardly more scientific than to say (p. 19) that the Yucatec tribes "finally lost their status as nations." Nor can Mr. Holmes have had in memory the far more numerous and vastly greater *huacas* of Peru when he wrote of Yucatan (p. 31): "No nation of builders, save possibly the Mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley, has ever equalled this people in the number, variety, and size of its terraces and pyramids." The illustrations are effective, though the panoramas are of much license.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Yellowstone National Park: Historical and Descriptive. Illustrated with maps, views, and portraits. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. 1895 8vo, pp. xvi, 397, 66 illustrations.

A WORK which can be appropriately dedicated to the memories of John Colter and James Bridger, "pioneers in the wonderland of the Upper Yellowstone," excites our interest in these worthies, and we enter at once upon the historical part of Capt. Chittenden's admirable monograph. This occupies about a third of the work; it is entirely original, the net result of much conscientious research, brings news to most readers, and possesses permanent value. Most of the voluminous Park literature is merely descriptive, or of the guide-book order, in which patriotism and politics are rapturously invoked with an eye to business; the present work is distinctively a solid contribution to knowledge. The author is one of several engineers to whom we owe the good roads through the Park; he is thoroughly familiar with its minutest details of topography; he has informed himself fully concerning the legislation for and administration of its affairs, as well as of all the schemes for spoiling this eminent domain; he is an excellent practical geographer, and he writes so well that we might suppose the present volume to be no maiden effort, did we not happen to know that it is such. By this single work Capt. Chittenden makes himself our highest authority on the subject, and, as we premised, his special merit is that of the histogeographer.

The origin of the English, French, and Spanish forms of the name is set a little back of Lewis and Clark, and traced to the Hidatsan word meaning "rock yellow river." The obscure trail of Verendrye, about the middle of the last century, is of course crossed, but we have nothing definite to go upon till the time when the traders first came down from the Assiniboine to the Mandan settlements on the Missouri. The visit of the great geographer Thompson, 1799, is a turning-point, but we know that the N. W. Co. had sent men there before, in 1793 or earlier, and it is certain that some of the H. B. Co. were on the spot some years sooner. However, Thompson's Mandan visit was the first that bore any historical or geographical fruit; the word "Yellow Stone" appears in his unpublished MSS., and it seems from calculations furnished to the author by Dr. Coues that he even fixed the source of the great river with approximate precision. The first white man ever in the Park was John Colter, who invaded the haunts of the Tukuarika, or Sheepeaters, in 1807, and discovered the two principal lakes in the Park, which Clark in 1814 called Eustis and Biddle—that is, present Yellowstone and Jackson Lakes. The map opposite p. 11 traces "Colter's route of 1807," among many other historical data of the utmost significance, and removes nearly or quite all the haze in which it was left even in the latest edition of Lewis and Clark. Colter was chiefly known to his contemporaries as the colossal liar who had the race for his life recorded by Bradbury and improved on by Irving; but "Colter's Hell" is located, and Colter takes permanent place in history for all that his Lewis and Clark record proves him to have been before he made on his own account his immortal discovery. This pioneer, of course, opened the whole trapper and trader period; and, passing the enigma of "J. O. R. 1819," we are taken on to the times when the figure of "Jim" Bridger looms up.

Bridger was a remarkable man, who never came fully into his own while he lived. He told the truth about "wonderland," but nobody believed him; he was called the "monumental liar of the Rocky Mountains," and perversely took revenge on his calumniators by deliberately making himself such, till Baron Munchausen must have turned in his grave. Capt. Chittenden tells some of these stories, and in comparison with them the "gyascutus" becomes a tame animal of entire probability! But all that we can understand; Bridger's pedestal is secure, and his further title to fame rests upon the fact that he led on to the next period, that of official exploration and survey, when the soldier and—not the priest, as usual in French and Spanish America, but—the scientist, followed the trapper and trader: for Bridger was guide to Capt. Raynolds's expedition of 1859-60, which Dr. Hayden accompanied as geologist. A small map shows the sources of the Yellowstone as understood at this time, when actual discovery was frustrated—fortunately, as the text proceeds to show, for reasons we can hardly find space to specify: suffice it, they appear clear and cogent. The prospector followed next, and the course of discovery went on in the way which was vainly expected to lead to the yellow sand of the gold-seeker's restless dreams. This wonderland does not exist; and the awakening was due to final discovery by three separate parties who visited the region in 1869, 1870, and 1871, respectively. By discovery the author means, he says, "full and final disclosure to the world" of the Yellowstone wonderland. All the particulars are given with minuteness and fidelity, but it is obviously impossible for us to follow them out here; nor would it be fair to tell so much that anybody should be satisfied without reading the book for himself.

At this point comes up the "park idea." Captain Chittenden handles this delicate theme as the conscientious and impartial historical critic should handle such a topic. The enthusiastic Catlin is easily shown to have suggested some park, but not this one. The specific idea started in camp at the junction of Gibbon with Firehole River, September 19, 1870, among members of the Washburn-Doane expedition, which included Gen. Henry D. Washburn, Hon. Nathaniel P. Langford, Hon. Cornelius Hedges (actually the prime suggester of what then shaped itself in the minds of the whole of them), Hon. Truman C. Everts, Hon. Samuel T. Hauser, and other civilians, with Lieut. G. C. Doane, Second Cavalry, commanding the military escort. The wonders which those great mountain ranges and snowy abysses had guarded for ages in secret were by this time fully disclosed; the rush to clutch laurels became something that neither beaver skin nor gold itself could have caused—it was more like the eruption of a geyser. Captain Chittenden needed all his caution and calmness to tread safely here, but he has come off well. In following up the political history he shows that the bill was steered through Congress mainly by the efforts of three men—Dr. Hayden, Mr. Langford, and W. H. Clagett. In judging the halo of the first of these three, a very ungracious duty at best, we think that Captain Chittenden has not strained his quality of mercy in striving to be just, particularly when we remember that most of the Congressional matters which popular tradition labels "Hayden" have the ear-marks of "Jim" Stevenson and "Black Jack" (Gen. John A. Logan). But this case is a peculiar one. In this part of his task, and also elsewhere in the book, where the biographies of Mr. Langford, Dr. Hayden, and Col. Stevenson are sketched, the author has acquitted himself most creditably; he has shown tact, discernment, and impartiality, and his verdict must be regarded as final.

After discussing the reasons why the Upper Yellowstone remained fortunately so long unknown, the author rapidly reviews explorations subsequent to 1871. They have been many, notable for various reasons; probably the most historically significant matters are those connected with the Nez-Percé campaign, when that great soldier and humanitarian, Chief Joseph, was pursued by such worthy foes as Gens. Howard, Gibbon, Sturgis, and Miles. The administrative history of the Park, including the Park dedicatory and protective acts, is set forth in sufficient detail, and with the same precision which marks the treatment of the other matters upon which we have touched. This concludes the formally historical Part I., but by no means finishes Capt. Chittenden's histogeographic labors. For these are resumed in another part of the book, so important that we wonder why it was relegated to the limbo of Appendix A. It is an integral part of the whole performance, being nothing less than an historical review of the several hundred geographical names of the Park mountains, lakes, rivers, geysers, and miscellaneous topographic and hydrographic features. There are probably more names to the square mile in the Park than in most of our settled districts of equal area, though there is not a single town or even hamlet, and the artificial features are practically restricted to a military post, some hotels, and the roads or trails, including, of course, bridges. The author has taken great pains with the always difficult task of tracing such names to their sources; his work is here entirely original, and he is to be felicitated on the amount of accurate information he has gar-

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nered. On analysis of his lists, the names will be found to fall nearly all in two classes—the "personal" and the "characteristic." People had forgotten about the Gardiner for whom a main tributary now appears to have been named, and few could have guessed that "Heart" Lake was named, before 1870, for an old hunter, possibly one of Bonneville's men, named Hart Hunney, killed by the Crows in 1872. Bunsen Peak suggests the great scientist who investigated geysers and many other things; but how many of us knew that Kepler Cascade was so called for the twelve-year-old son of ex-Gov. J. W. Hoyt of Wyoming? No part of the book is better done than this, and none represents so much information in equal compass; it is admirable, and we should wonder why it was never done before, did we not know that in general admirable things are slow to mature. In some of these cases, the author gives extensive biographical data respecting the persons concerned, with their portraits in many instances. But long as is the list of claimants for this sort of fame, the author wittily reminds us, p. 287, that the Devil distanced them all:

"In the race for the geographical honors of the Park, the prize fell neither to the United States Geological Survey nor even to Colonel Norris [the irrepressible second superintendent], though each was a close competitor. It was won by that mythical potentate of whose sulphurous empire this region is thought by some to be simply an outlying province."

The reaction from this sort of thing was healthy and in good taste; it gave us the "characteristic" names, by studied efforts to carry out a system of geographical nomenclature which should shun personalities, with gratifying result. In these instances the tracing of a name to its source was generally easy, as it was mainly a mere matter of fixing a date, easily found in official records. The christening of the geysers the author regards as having been "singularly fortunate." There was no system; those interesting objects seem to have named themselves, spontaneously and as a rule felicitously, either in their characteristic modes of action, their shapes, sizes, or colors. One of the neatest names in the whole list strikes us as being that of Solution Creek, as the issue of Riddle Lake; for the latter was never understood till the former was discovered.

About a third of the work is occupied by Part II., which is formally descriptive. It is interesting and attractive, particularly when the author is taking us over the tourist routes he helped to make and pointing out the "objects of interest." The Baedeker feature will commend itself to the average reader, and is an indispensable part of the work, but has not the great value and significance of nearly all the rest, for in the nature of the case it could hardly give us anything new. It is strongest in its general geography, weakest in the fauna and flora, weak in geology, and excellent in describing and explaining the geysers; in scenic effect, of course, the cañon and the falls take precedence. This portion is fully illustrated with views, with most of which the public is already familiar. An excellent folding-map shows by name and with great accuracy almost every point on which the author touches. This is better than any other we have seen, with the single exception of one of probably equal excellence issued by the present Geological Survey; Chittenden's is not quite so large a sheet, but is plain in its minutest details, and these are extremely numerous. Yet we must insist that the little page-size "historical chart" opposite p. 11 is a still more important contribution to knowledge, and the most notable single feature of the work.

Part III. deals with the future of the Park. It discloses all the greed and selfishness of incessant scheming to destroy the place and defeat its purpose, whether by railroad encroachment, change of boundary, "segregation," or whatever specious pretext, as well as by the open lawlessness of poaching. Connected with this important matter, we find in an appendix the legislation and regulations now in force, the appropriations made, and other data for correct appreciation of the political situation. We hope Capt. Chittenden's wise and sound counsels will be heeded; they cannot be disregarded with impunity, unless the Park idea is to be abandoned. The railroad lobby has always been peculiarly plausible, persistent, and pernicious; but it is enough to hear in this case the declaration of the present able and fearless military superintendent, Capt. George S. Anderson: "Six months from the entrance of the first locomotive within the limits of the Park, there will not be one acre of its magnificent forests left unburned." The segregation subterfuge is met by the author in italics: "*Never permit the boundaries of the Yellowstone Park to be brought down into the valleys.*" No one can read his summary of the present case and future prospects without being impressed with its force.

We can challenge the date 1787 assigned (p. 33) to the old Northwest Company, and substitute 1784 with good reason; we also suspect that the Ducharne of p. 41 is one of the many Ducharmes who figure in the fur trade. But we have no disposition to pick small holes in such a piece of work as this. The Bibliography with which the book closes is in very bad form; any other order of the entries, or none at all, would have been preferable to the odd derangement which displays nothing so clearly as it does the hand of a novice at this particular business. It is fearfully and wonderfully compounded of a subject-index by catch-titles with an author-index to itself, in a single alphabet, together with some other surprising strokes of misguided genius which defy description. However, it makes only a dozen pages or so, easily mastered in a few minutes; and one result of our scrutiny is, that probably about 250 separate Park publications are represented by the 162 numbered entries in this curiously constructed puzzle. Aside from the innumerable fugitive pieces which the author did not intend to include, 250 publications may approximate the total of special Park books and articles of any consequence; and in closing we may apply balm to the wound we have just made by saying that certainly no future writer on the Yellowstone National Park can appear before the public in any serious performance without having first reckoned with Capt. Chittenden.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen: A Biography. By R. Nisbet Bain. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1895.

Stories and Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by H. Oskar Sommer. With 100 Pictures by Arthur J. Gaskin. 2 vols. London: George Allen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1895.

"My life is a beautiful fairy tale, happy and full of incident," wrote Andersen at the beginning of his autobiography; and yet, although it is twenty years since he died, no adequate life of the poet had appeared in English until Mr. Bain took up the fascinating theme. His treatment of the subject lacks, of course, the charm of the autobiographic pen, but it gives us instead a faithful picture of the man, in which, behind the childish vanity, the silly sensitiveness, and the flabby sentimentality, Andersen's genuine worth and amiability are steadily apparent. It was not difficult to make the narrative entertaining, but to preserve a discriminating balance between the whining, gushing, girlish man and the "good old poet" whom the people loved and kings delighted to honor, must have been no easy task. So relentless is Mr. Bain's presentation of the character that we have at times suspected him of a lack of sympathy with his hero; but close beside each instance of Andersen's folly some wholly generous trait appears, and we are drawn to him again, as when for a winning look or word we caress the child whom we thought to punish. The common source of all his faults and follies will be found in his excessive vanity, and as the autobiography of a vain man is the least trustworthy of human documents, Mr. Bain has placed his main reliance upon the extensive correspondence now available and upon the testimony of contemporaries.

Andersen was born in 1805 in the ancient city of Odense on the island of Fünen. Unlike most men of strong imaginative powers, his "Lust zu fabuliren" came not from his mother, though she appears to have had more wit and intelligence than Mr. Bain gives her credit for, but from his father, whose disappointed literary ambition was realized in the career of his son. In his early years Andersen was hampered by extreme poverty and in a measure also by his unprepossessing appearance. He passed through the struggles of his youth with a noble, if somewhat eccentric, perseverance. His personal appearance he himself never regarded as a disadvantage, for he thought himself distinguished-looking; but the vision of this long, lank, strangely clad youth, with his gawky ardor of speech and action, must have given many a would-be benefactor pause. The first person to whom he appealed in Copenhagen, when he went to the capital to seek his fortune, thought him mad and dismissed him summarily. Even in later years his singular looks and manner seemed to Victor Hugo so suspicious that, in response to Andersen's request for his autograph, Hugo wrote his name at the *top* of the sheet of paper. But, throughout his career, the chief stumbling-block was his inordinate vanity. His impatience of criticism, his blind confidence in the infallibility of his genius, his mad outbursts under just censure, excited the contempt and ridicule of his enemies and threatened to alienate his closest friends. He had, it is true, many crosses to bear, but the man who wears his heart upon his sleeve must not wonder if the daws peck at it. Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of Andersen as "thrilling from top to toe with an excruciating vanity, and scouting even along the streets for the shadows of offence." The late Prof. Boyesen called this a "cruel observation," but Boyesen himself, and now with much ampler details, Mr. Bain, have shown that Stevenson's characterization was essentially correct. Andersen's friends were obliged to treat him like a sick child, and, on the occasion of each new paroxysm of wounded vanity, procure for him the means to gratify his passion for travel. Collins, his life-long friend, sometimes took him in hand, condemned his conceit, and warn-

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ed him against the dangers of hypersensitiveness; but these salutary counsels only caused a fresh access of "hysterical whimpering." Unfriendly criticism made him "forget his God," and cherish thoughts "which no Christian ought to have." His first wish upon reading an adverse comment was to die, preferably abroad, far from hated and unappreciative Denmark. To him the towers of Copenhagen were "pointed like critics' pens." Indeed, his native land fares ill whenever one of her sons fails to enjoy his poetry. His rage reaches its climax in a letter of 1843: "The Danes are evil-minded, cold, Satanic. They exactly suit their wet, mouldy-green islands. I hate and loathe my country just as much as my country hates and bespatters me." It is fair to say, however, that he regretted this outburst.

Unfavorable criticism he attributed to envy, malice, or stupidity; once he denounced it as flat blasphemy, thus impiously to deny the gifts which God had given him. Although praise usually made him modest, his sensitiveness increased with his fame. He believed himself a great dramatist; his many failures taught him no wisdom, and occasional success confirmed him in his folly. He insisted that he was the victim of a conspiracy; that in his life-long effort to obtain a foothold upon the stage he had been defeated by a clique. Mr. Bain conclusively shows the absurdity and even ingratitude of this suspicion. Never was a man more generously assisted in his dramatic enterprises than was Andersen, but the vagaries of his vanity constantly led him to seek the causes of his failures outside of himself, and so exposed him to the charge of ingratitude. He resented the death of his kind benefactor, the good old King Frederick VI., as a personal grievance, because the *première* of the "Mulatto" had to be postponed in consequence. Similarly, for all the praise with which his novel of 'O. T.' was greeted he had no word of thanks; he heard only the voice of one malignant and anonymous critic. In 'The Story of My Life,' Andersen poses as a man of genius made wretched by cruel neglect, whereas his letters of the corresponding dates frequently show that he was enjoying some of the happiest triumphs of his life.

His vanity was the source of other foibles. It led him, though one of the most refined of men, into offences against good taste and into schemes of self-advertisement which were little short of vulgarity. Nor can he be entirely cleared of the charge of snobbishness. He loved to display the decorations which royal hands had placed upon his bosom, and his fervid patriotism during the Schleswig-Holstein war was yet not fierce enough to induce him to relinquish the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle. He was delighted when kings addressed him; and the moments he had spent beside a Grand Duke, holding his hand and shedding tears, furnished him with the sweetest joys of recollection. He refused to be classed with the common people, and was indignant at being obliged to sit at the theatre "beside the man who trims my hair." And when in his old age a statue was erected in his honor, he strongly objected to being portrayed as an old man, surrounded by children. "Children alone cannot represent me," he exclaimed.

"With all his ridiculous and irritating follies and foibles, Andersen was always the most lovable of creatures." Thus does Mr. Bain judiciously temper his candid statement of the man's faults with a full recognition of his amiable qualities. Simple as Andersen's character was, it was yet full of contradictions. With a nature of transparent truthfulness, his autobiography is a tissue of misrepresentations; generous and warm hearted to a degree, he nevertheless censured severely upon slight provocation; of unmistakable sincerity, he formed ill-considered judgments on all manner of subjects, and his opinions were for the most part worthless; deeply grateful for every kindness, the lightest word of remonstrance could turn his thanks into complaints; filled with a childlike faith in all men, he suspected the motives of any who withheld from him unmeasured praise. He was fond of animals, but the revolting cruelties of the bull-fight pleased him by their theatric picturesqueness. Himself a child and always immature, with the keenest appreciation of child life and character, he nevertheless had no love for children, was generally embarrassed in their company, frequently avoided them, disliked to read to them, and was in turn regarded by them more with alarm than affection. His sympathy with childhood was a quality of his art and not of his nature.

This man was the author of the Fairy Tales, the first collection of which appeared in 1835. They won their way slowly. Two only among the leaders of Danish literature seem to have recognized their lasting value. The author himself set no store by them; they are "as good as nothing," he said, "a mere sleight of hand with Fancy's apples." But as their fame spread through Europe, his eyes were opened, and in later times he professed to have known their merit from the first. Fairy tales have been told and sung since speech was and fancy wrought, but never before had the whole of creation, inanimate as well as animate, been invested with such whimsical individuality and powers of appropriate language. Andersen's tales have the naïveté of the natural product with the beauty of artistic finish. They serve one of the highest purposes of literature: they keep the heart young, and in this rejuvenating power lies the assurance of their immortality. During a period of nearly forty years, Andersen continued from time to time to send his "benevolent little house elves" into the world. Though by no means the greatest of Denmark's poets, he was the first to attain universal fame. His Tales found their way to farthest India, where the "Story of a Mother" was a special favorite. America hailed them with delight, and misinformed enthusiasm started a subscription for their author, who was thought to be in poverty. Old and young were alike fascinated. "Won't you give us wee ones another tale?" the burly Thorwaldsen used to beg, and Andersen's readings of his own stories became one of the features of the social and literary entertainments of the Danish capital.

The Fairy Tales have had many translators, but the classic English rendering is yet wanting. Mr. Bain, in an appendix to his work, discusses the chief English translations; he finds them all inadequate, and especially so the version by Dr. H. Oskar Sommer, which has recently been issued by the same firm that publishes the Life. Dr. Sommer has indeed missed much of the charm of the original, which the German translations so admirably preserve; many graceful and characteristic touches are suppressed; others are misunderstood or misrepresented. It is, therefore, not without justice that Mr. Bain condemns what he calls Dr. Sommer's "obliterative method of interpretation." It is well known that Andersen never mastered the grammar of his native tongue; but, as the naïveté of his style is in no wise dependent upon these defects, the translator need be at no pains to hit off the original in careless English. Dr. Sommer's version is often infelicitous and occasionally disregards the laws of English syntax. As a whole, however, the translation reads smoothly enough, and some of the more serious stories are even excellent. In fairness to the uninformed reader, it should be stated that this collection contains only one hundred of the tales; nothing on the title-page or elsewhere indicates that it is not a complete edition. The illustrations, by Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, are well conceived, if not always firmly drawn, and, with their quaint mediæval accessories, pleasantly preserve the spirit of fairyland.

Mr. Bain has an interesting chapter on Andersen's religious opinions. "I grew up pious and superstitious," wrote Andersen himself. He observed the Sabbath by doing no work on that day; but he preferred the blue sky to the stuffy church. The Scotch Sabbath repelled him. "All the houses are closed," he writes, "and the people sit inside and read their Bibles or drink themselves blind-drunk." He was anti-clerical, but not anti-Christian. He gloried in the material progress of the age: "it is a scaffolding on which the spiritual edifice is to be built up." And he refused to recognize any antagonism between science and religion. "God can surely endure to be looked at with the little bit of sound sense he has put into our heads," he writes in one of his letters. In his latter years he busied himself with the philosophical aspects of religion, and it was to give the death-blow to materialism that he composed his last romance, 'To Be or Not to Be.' The generous Dickens stood almost alone in praising this work; others congratulated the author upon its failure.

Andersen's passion for travel led him from end to end of Europe. He came into contact with most of the eminent men of his time and has left interesting accounts of them. Mr. Bain's book is particularly rich in anecdotes of this class. For Heine he felt a sort of "devil-worship," a mixture of admiration and hatred which even votaries of Heine will understand. In a letter to Collin he makes this drastic characterization: "Heine is a witty babbler, impious and frivolous, and yet a true poet. His books are elfin girls in gauze and silk, which swarm with vermin, so that one cannot let them move freely about the rooms of respectably dressed people." In the chapter on Andersen in England, Mr. Bain has given the first adequate account of Andersen's relations to his English friends. Their cordial recognition of his genius he regarded less as a personal triumph than as a rebuke to the Danes, who "spat upon the glow-worm because it glowed." Chief among his English friends was Dickens, and the five weeks which Andersen spent at Gadshill in 1857 he considered the happiest period of his life. He published a detailed account of it in the *Berlinjske Tidende* of Copenhagen in 1860; this has recently been reissued in this country in German: 'Ein Besuch bei Charles Dickens' (Henry Holt & Co.), with a brief preface containing three errors of fact on the first page.

In Mr. Bain's work we have noticed but few errors. Travellers in Saxon Switzerland will scarcely recognize the Bohemian village of Herrnskretschen under the form of Herren-Bretchen (p. 89). A singular lapse of memory makes Mr. Bain say on page 152 that Andersen's novel, 'O. T.' took its title from the initials of the hero's name. The real point lies in the fact that these letters were the brand-mark of the Odense penitentiary (Odense Tugthus). With the brothers Grimm Mr. Bain deals

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rather cavalierly; he refers to them as "mere collectors," and the story of Andersen's first call at their house in Berlin he relates without a hint that there was more than one Grimm. Turning to the index, we find only Wilhelm entered, with a reference to the page on which this interview is recorded; but Andersen, in the 'Story of My Life,' expressly tells us that it was Jacob whom he met, and the sensitive Dane was indignant when he discovered that, although Grimm spoke Danish, he did not know the name of Andersen. The friends, however, who comforted him by saying that Jacob Grimm was thirty years behind the times, had a greater regard for Andersen's feelings than for the truth. Mr. Bain might have added that the relations between Andersen and the Grimm family subsequently became very cordial. Finally, on page 436, we read: "July 27th, five days before his death." As the date of Andersen's death is not elsewhere stated in this book, we are left to do our own calculating, and arrive at August 1. In point of fact Andersen died on August 4, 1875.

Studies in Early Victorian Literature. By Frederic Harrison. London and New York: Edward Arnold. 1895. Pp. 224.

In one of his delicious but pathetic letters Stevenson confides to Mr. Colvin a "hideous idea" that perhaps, along with himself and his correspondent, Frederic Harrison is now getting old. He adds: "Oh, this infidelity must be stared firmly down." On finishing Mr. Harrison's new book, we applaud this sentiment. Nothing in these brilliant and sensible essays on the Victorian prosaists betrays failing power—unless possibly one were malicious enough to infer a waning memory from the writer's proneness to repeat his own eloquence; or from his notion that the word *scientist* is still a barbarism; or from his writing several pages about 'The Saint's Tragedy' and 'The Spanish Gypsy' after promising to touch "no book of poetry, philosophy, or science." Sixty-four years sit lightly on the prophet of Newton Hall. He is the same vigorous voice, preluding brilliantly upon a thousand themes, and advancing safely into the complexities of a surprising number of them.

The present volume attempts a "mature estimate of the permanent influence and artistic achievement" of Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens, Brontë, Kingsley, Trollope, and George Eliot. As a body of criticism it is full of knowledge, broad in grasp of historical relations, and measurably free from the bias of Positivism apparent in the writer's former collection of literary essays (1886). Mr. Harrison's attention is first fastened by the social earnestness which colors Victorian prose; but this fact does not prevent him from recognizing and reckoning values purely literary. Far less exacting in his critical ideals than Arnold, and inferior in technical knowledge to several living English critics, Mr. Harrison is outvied by no one in vigor of sympathy. He who erewhile sang the strenuous joys of Auguste Comte's library, who pleaded for a decent hearing for Bunyan, Rabelais, and other permanent people, now avows himself an ardent admirer of Mr. Meredith and Stevenson. He even proves an appreciative reader of Mrs. Wood, Ouida, Miss Broughton, and Mrs. Burnett. Notwithstanding this wide range of loves, Mr. Harrison's valuations are equable, even nice. They are regulated by a trained sense of what permanently interests humanity. They are corrected by a norm too often set aside—the settled judgment of the public. And they take admirably into account that any judgment concerning the absolute value of a book must be tempered with regard to the formative influence of the work and the power required to produce it in its own day.

The date of the Queen's accession forms a curiously good dividing line between two generations of the really great English writers of this century. The Victorian age again divides into two almost equal parts with the year of Thackeray's death, 1863, the first part, as our author shows, being superior to the second in purely literary product. Mr. Harrison's book is concerned with the first Victorian period, but his characterization of the whole age is so comprehensive and in the main so just that we quote one pregnant paragraph. It perhaps over-emphasizes a little the enthusiasm for social reform:

"Our literature to-day has many characteristics; but its central note is the dominant influence of Sociology—enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform. It is scientific, subjective, introspective, historical, archæological; full of vitality, versatility, and diligence; intensely personal, defiant of all law, of standards, of convention; laborious, exact, but often indifferent to grace, symmetry, or color; it is learned, critical, cultured; with all its ambition and its fine feeling, it is unsympathetic to the highest forms of the imagination, and quite alien to the drama of action."

As *pro-tempore* chairman of the public jury that has thought long and so has presumably attained to think right concerning each great Victorian, Mr. Harrison reports the findings neatly, and usually says the just thing. Of Macaulay: "If he had less philosophy than almost any historian of the smallest pretension, he has a skill in narrative which places him in a fair line with the greatest" (p. 86). Disraeli is properly scored for his vicious manner; but "his painting of parliamentary life in England has neither equal nor rival." The praise of Thackeray's style will strike most students as excessive, but none will deny the power with which the genius of this great, though not supremely great, master of the human heart is brought to analysis. The contention that in Dickens the really permanent thing is the man's humor, the greatest of this century, really seems needed in these days when young people sometimes praise 'Copperfield' for its taste in pathos. Of Charlotte Brontë the future will keep 'Jane Eyre,' a masterpiece "in the rare order of literary 'Confessions'"; "one of the most creative influences of the Victorian literature" (p. 162). Another such influence, Kingsley, "was a kind of ferment" (p. 175); and "'Yeast' is his typical prose work" (p. 176). Of Trollope perhaps only the Barchester cycle will live, with 'Orley Farm' and the two 'Phineas Finns.' Such prophecies as these are perhaps as safe as prophecy ever can be. For it is by the past that they judge the future; and after all a Comtean eternity is not so very long.

The chapter on George Eliot, if judged as the final word of a Positivist Aaron concerning the art of a Positivist Miriam, is a trifle unbrotherly. We have no quarrel with the writer when he declares, "I never could count anything later than 'Silas Marner' as a complete and unqualified masterpiece" (p. 122). But it was a bad slip for him to confess, after dismissing 'Middlemarch' as "tedious and disagreeable," that "he cannot, after twenty years, recall the indefinite, lingering plot" (p. 217).

Mr. Harrison has felt, but not wholly escaped, the danger of impulsively magnifying one man or one piece of work at the expense of another. The 'Cromwell' is "the greatest of Carlyle's effective products"; 'Sartor' is "the most original, the most characteristic, the deepest, and most lyrical of his productions"; the 'French Revolution' "is destined to live long and to stand forth to posterity as the typical work of the master." Thus far we can follow and assent in the maze of superlatives. But we learn with regret that 'Friedrich'—in which we had timidly fancied a certain colossal unity unique of its kind—"is not a book at all." Again, we freely acknowledge a contrast between such a man as Thackeray and such a man as Stevenson in the degree of intensity with which each drank from the cup of life. But to class the latter—the author of the 'Foot-note to History'—as one who looks on life from a private box, where we see his kid gloves and his opera-glasses, is to paint in black and white. We should furthermore like to think it something else than mere patriotism that makes us smile when the beauty of Kingsley's 'Heroes' must be set off by the "sticky dulness" of the 'Tanglewood Tales.' Mr. Harrison is now and then fairly put to it for terms to differentiate the indefectibility he would ascribe. "The paper out of the *Spectator*," in 'Esmond,' "is the most perfect of all parodies in the English language" (p. 114); "'Codlingsby,' the parody of Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' may be taken as the most effective parody in our language" (p. 115). "Perfect," "effective"; *aliud et idem.* The author's large knowledge everywhere stands him in such good stead that when Thackeray as an historian is declared to enter into rivalry with Macaulay, we hope it is meant to compare these men merely in mastery of "the form and coloring of a past age." For 'Esmond' is marred by historical errors that Macaulay in his most remiss moments would hardly have made.

Mr. Harrison's own style keeps its wonted strength and wonted limitations. It is by turns witty, rhetorical, nobly earnest—never languid. Curiously compact of terseness and surplusage, it is prolix on one page, pure epigram on the next. Slight incoherences observable in the original *Forum* articles disappear in the revision. A few slips remain. Does the author mean *more fatal* when he says (p. 96): "Nothing is *less fatal* to true criticism than the habit of blindly overvaluing the inferior work of men of genius"? Mr. Harrison is usually free from otiose short cuts; but, "it is curious *how different a colour* may be seen in the main current of English literature produced before and after" the year 1837 (p. 10). On page 122 the italics seem to quarrel with the verb: "neither *Esmond* nor *The Newcomes*, nor *The Virginians* are in any sense the work of a misanthrope." From page 133 Dr. Hall might cull an example of that "gross vulgarism," the supererogatory *what*: "no criminal was so atrocious but what Charles Dickens could feel for him some ray of sympathy."

Studies of Childhood. By James Sully, Professor in University College, London. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. viii, 527.

Readers of the *Popular Science Monthly* will have become familiar with many of the chapters of this book, which have been reprinted with little or no change. Psychologists will also have found out both the excellences and defects of Mr. Sully's work. For the general reader the book is very interesting on account

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of the great humanity of children. For the psychologist it is practically unavailable—a judgment which the following statements and reference may be taken to justify.

First, these chapters are in large part a collection of anecdotes gathered from the reports of parents, from the self-memories of literary people, from uncriticised sources generally. For example, Mr. Sully himself, after a very excellent account of the sort of sources which the child-psychologist ought to treasure in the present state of the science (chapter i.), cites a certain "Worcester collection" as not sufficiently severe in method to be relied on (p. 22); and then goes on in the body of the book to make more use of this collection than of perhaps any other single source, citing again and again a certain child C, who was very smart, and whose reported doings make good stories. We may cite the instances on pp. 66, 68, 74, 89, 102, 111, 114, etc.

Second, Mr. Sully confines himself largely to the period of child-life after the rise of speech (see p. 134), and with it of most of the functions on which fruitful observations may be made by the study of individual children. It is notorious that after the third or fourth year the mental life of the child becomes so complex that nothing but very wide statistical inquiry can be safely relied upon—and even that is of doubtful value. Yet just at this period of boundless variety and endless possibility he cites the occasional smartness or unconfirmed "conceit" of the individual child. Cases of this may be seen on almost any page opened at random (see extraordinary instances on pp. 114, 115, 118).

Third, there is a lack of psychological points of view and illuminating hypotheses which makes the chapters tiresome even to the appreciative reader. The chapter on the development of the thought of "Self," which of all the topics treated in the book might have been expected to contribute something general, since this self-sense is a late growth, has the same old weight laid (pp. 114, 444) on the child's use of the pronouns of the first person (a notion which no amount of criticism seems capable of laying), and no adequate recognition of the social function—possibly the one element on which Mr. Sully's cases might be expected to shed some light. And where Mr. Sully does venture on a general suggestion it seems to us to have all the uncertainty which we should expect from his sources. For example, he finds that the child reaches an anticipation of Berkleyan idealism (p. 118), and supports it with anecdotes which show very clearly, if they show anything, the influence of social imitation and the facts of spontaneous variation in childish conceits. See also the extraordinary aperçu on children's ideas of growth, that "the child cannot accept an absolute beginning of things." . . . "What more natural, then, than the idea of a rhythmical alternation of cycles of existence?"—all based on a few stories of children showing that old men are sometimes thought to grow small again.

Fourth, the anthropological references and analogies are extremely meagre and for the most part undocumented.

Disappointing, however, as the book is to those who had hoped that a psychologist of Mr. Sully's reputation would contribute something to child-study which would in a measure check the flood of superficial "contributions" to this so-called science in this country, yet his book has merits from other points of view. It is written in plain language, the style is entertaining, the children treated of are the choice ones, and the stories selected are the prettiest of the pretty. Furthermore, many parents and teachers who do not aspire to become themselves reporters on their children for print, together with those who do, will do well to catch the spirit of humane and ideal appreciation of child-life which animates the book. We have thought it our duty to point out its essential inadequacy from a scientific point of view, since the air is full of "child-study," and people with no preliminary training think they have only to jot down the occurrences of the nursery, whether at first-hand or not, and report them in a taking way, to contribute to science. That Mr. Sully should have lent the weight of his authority to this kind of science-made-easy, by using the material he has used even in a quasi-scientific and confessedly popular book, is very much to be regretted. We may add that our criticism of the work is mainly a confirmation of the following sentence from the publisher's advertisement of it: "These studies . . . require the reader to follow no laborious train of reasoning, and the reader who is in search of entertainment merely will find it in the quaint sayings and doings with which the volume abounds."

The strictures which we have passed on the material of the book, however, do not hold to the same degree of the reports which the author makes of his own observations in the "Extracts from a Father's Diary" in chapter xi.

An Indian Journalist: Being the Life, Letters, and Correspondence of Dr. Sambhu C. Mookerjee. By F. H. Skrine, I.C.S. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co. 1895.

Travels and Voyages between Calcutta and Independent Tipperah. By Sambhu C. Mookerjee. Calcutta: *Reis & Rayyet* Office. 1887.

Down to comparatively a short time ago, a work like 'An Indian Journalist' would have been markedly exceptional. A noteworthy proof is afforded by it of the change which, within the last two generations, English education has effected in India, and more especially in Bengal. By acquiring a knowledge of the English language and literature, the native has, in many cases, become capacitated to understand the rule under which he lives, and the motives and policy of the far-off kingdom which ultimately determines and shapes that rule. By means of that acquisition he has also qualified himself, not infrequently, for intelligent personal intercourse with those to whom his interests are immediately intrusted; an advantage, equally to himself and to them, of incalculable value. Enabled, consequently, much as if he were an Englishman, to discuss the measures of the Indian Government, and wisely left free to do so, and also to arraign them within legitimate limits, he has now come to figure as a political critic and counsellor, and one with whose deliverances his alien legislators do well to reckon.

As a representative of his fellow-countrymen, rarely has any one hitherto appeared for whom can be claimed a rivalry with the esteem which was the due of the late Dr. Mookerjee, and which was explicitly accorded to his manifold merits. Highly appreciated as he was by those for whose behoof he spent himself in laboring, it was his condign good fortune to win the regard of the leading British authorities in India, and no less that of the numerous persons of distinction, outside his fatherland, to whom, as a letter-writer, he addressed himself. Nor, towards gaining this regard, was he ever known to bate a jot of the sturdiest independence. Yet, at the same time that he thus respected himself, a sense of justice invariably prompted him to treat with befitting respect the opinions of others, even if they were his most virulent antagonists. A spirit of reasoned and reasonable conciliatoriness, while he could not but perceive that, to a patriot, it was the dictate of expedience, seems to have been, with him, a second nature.

After considerable practice as a miscellaneous essayist, Dr. Mookerjee, in 1882, founded, at Calcutta, a weekly newspaper, in English throughout, though bearing the Arabico-Persian or Hindustani title of *Reis & Rayyet*, which may be rendered, not inadequately, "Sovereign and Subjects" or "Prince and People." Chiefly by this and by his correspondence, he has, without question, merited lasting and honorable remembrance. In Bengal this is assured to him; and his broad-minded and discerning biographer was certainly justified in his forecast that, on the presentation of facts, it would be widely shared by those to whom his character and literary achievements had previously been unknown. As depicted, after long acquaintance, by Mr. Skrine, he was a man to challenge all but unqualified admiration, as for his sterling integrity, disinterestedness, and genial disposition, so for his ability and untiring energy. Many of these traits are abundantly evidenced, or else suggested; by the letters which are appended to the interesting memoir of his career, unfortunately a somewhat brief one, which terminated, in his fifty-fifth year, in February, 1894. The influential journal which he established, it is gratifying to be able to say, has been conducted, since his lamented death, in a manner redounding conspicuously to the credit of his successors.

The volume of travels named in our heading could have emanated from none but an acute and well-informed observer. The region of Bengal with which it has to do is one regarding which, in the main, hardly anything but dry statistics and the like has heretofore been accessible. Little appears to have escaped the notice of the author, in the course of his peregrinations, with respect to either the peculiarities of the people with whom he came into contact, or the geographical features, natural productions, and antiquities of the territories which he visited. He has, indeed, set in his pages an example which other Hindus would do wisely to copy. That he occasionally had experience of gratuitous discourtesy was only to be expected at the hands of such as those who debased themselves by it. To quote the words of Colebrooke, the illustrious Orientalist: "It is not to be dissembled that the European, that the descendant of the Gothic race, that the white man, and, above all, the Englishman, is full of prejudices, and governed, in his intercourse with men of other nations and other complexions, by a repulsive dislike of strangers, an unjust contempt and deep aversion, amounting, in an illiberal mind, to a contemptuous hatred of men of dark hue. The conduct of the lower British, in their dealings with men of color, in either of the Indies, is but too often influenced by such feelings." To a deplorable degree, however, till very recently, not merely to "the lower" British has Colebrooke's censure been applicable. That the indications are now steadily becoming more and more numerous and obvious of a much kindlier attitude than of old to the people of India, on the part of the English functionaries dwelling among them, is a circumstance of auspicious omen to both parties indifferently.

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The Origins of Invention: A Study of Industry among Primitive Peoples. With illustrations. By Otis T. Mason. 8vo, pp. 413. London: Walter Scott; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

THE object of this volume, so we are told, is "to trace some of our industries to their origins"—quite a different matter, we may remark in passing, from the Origins of Invention; and, judging the work from this point of view, it will be found to be thoroughly satisfactory. Especially is this true of what is told us of tools, etc., which, in a general way, may be said to foreshadow all mechanical progress, since man could hardly have taken the first step in his upward career, much less have traversed the broad expanse that separates "the digging-stick from the steam-plough," without some sort of an implement to be used either in "cutting, smoothing, pounding, or perforating." Indeed, so true is this that he has been called a tool-using animal; and although the definition is, perhaps, too broad, yet the fact that he has never been found without a device of some kind to aid him in his labors is so characteristic that it has been made the basis of a classification, in which the different stages through which he has passed have been designated as the ages, respectively, of stone and metal.

This classification is convenient, and, when limited to cutting-implements, as by Evans, Lubbock and others, it is fairly descriptive of the conditions that prevailed throughout western Europe in early times. Our author, however, does not find it altogether satisfactory, for the reason that it is not always and everywhere applicable, and because the sequence is not necessary. In this he is clearly right, for there are regions (pp 110, 124, 128) in which there is no evidence that an age of stone ever existed; others, "in Africa, in Canada, and perhaps in Michigan, where the metal age is as old as the stone age." And in some of the Pacific islands, where there was no mineral having a conchoidal fracture, the natives, when first known to us, were living "in the polished or at least hammered-stone age," though their language, social system, etc., showed that "they were low in the scale of culture."

Bearing upon this point, and to some extent confirmatory of it, is the fact that recent experiments by the Bureau of Ethnology in making stone implements lead to the conclusion that neither the form nor the method of manufacture can be taken as proof positive of the antiquity of a specimen, or of the culture-status of the people who made it; that in fact "millions of roughly chipped stones formerly thought to be ancient, on account of their form, are only the refuse left by men who were aiming to make blades." Facts like these are far-reaching in their consequences, and, taken together, they show very clearly that aboriginal man, when choosing the material out of which to make his arms, implements, etc., did not proceed in any regular order, or according to any definite plan, but simply took that which was close at hand, and then worked it up in the easiest way possible. They also show (p. 126) that the only safe guide in determining the antiquity of a specimen is the geological position in which it was found.

Of the importance of these considerations to a proper interpretation of certain archæological phenomena in our own country there can be no question; and it is for this reason that we have dwelt upon the point somewhat at length, when there are many matters of general interest in the volume that might rightfully claim attention. Prominent among these is the fact that, in the infancy of the race, so many of our leading industries were carried on almost exclusively by the woman, while to day there are so few. Thus, for instance, there was a time when she was the farmer, the potter, the weaver, and the tanner. In a small way she was also the butcher, cook, shoemaker, etc., etc.; and as she plodded along over her daily tasks, carrying at her back a baby in a hood or in a papoose frame, she was unwittingly entering upon the path that led to the locomotive and the sleeping-car. Suggestive as is this phase of industrial life, it is incomplete in so far as it neither gives us an idea of the immense distance that separates some of our inventions from their rude prototypes, nor enables us to do justice to the efforts of our barbaric ancestors to settle some of the problems that have come down to our times. To complete the sketch, it is necessary to change the point of view, and then it will be possible to take up an invention, as, *e. g.*, the electric light, and follow it back (p. 107) through the long array of lamps, candles, torches, etc., etc., to say nothing of all the various kinds of fats, oils, and gases that have been in use, until we come to a beginning in the pine knot. It may also cause us to abate somewhat of our self-sufficiency to learn that prehistoric man (p. 65) was familiar with the use of such devices as the wedge, the lever, and the inclined plane; and that before the time of Columbus the Polynesians (p. 361) "made canoe voyages from Tahiti to Hawaii, a distance of twenty-three hundred miles."

In view of such proficiency in the mechanic arts, it would not be unreasonable to expect that a corresponding advance, or at all events a beginning, had been made in the learned professions, in æsthetics, etc., all of which are classed as inventions, though, except incidentally, they do not come within the pale of consideration. Accordingly, it does not surprise us to be told (p. 203) that an American Indian doctor not only practically cupped his patients, but that he appreciated the benefits arising from the use of massage and the Turkish bath; and that although he did not know it by the name that we do, yet he certainly practised the faith cure. Nothing is said of priests and lecturers, though they were to be found in every Indian village, as were painters and musicians; and when the women of a tribe, as was sometimes the case among the Iroquois, appointed "a speaker" or "an orator" to represent them in the council and plead their cause, they were simply employing an attorney, just as we do to-day.

These are a few of the thoughts suggested by an examination of this volume, and, crude as they are, they give some idea of the extent of ground our author has covered and of the comprehensive manner in which he has dealt with the several branches of his subject. To any one acquainted with his method of work, or who has an abiding recollection of a previous volume in which he treated of 'Woman's Share in Primitive Culture,' it is needless to say that there is scarcely a page in the present book that the ethnologist may not study to advantage, and in which the casual reader will not find something that is instructive as well as interesting.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

THE late Mr. Eugene Field's humorous poems are well known, and had his name been withheld from this volume his identity would stand revealed at least in the little scraps of verse scattered through it. The prose essays of which it consists are written in what may be called the mock-serious manner, one of the varieties of English humor which are part of the literary inheritance of the race. The names of those who have tried it are legion, those who have succeeded have been few. Just as every one who attempts the mock-heroic must measure himself in verse with 'Hudibras' and the 'Dunciad,' in prose with Fielding, so the mock-serious at once recalls the masters of it—Sterne, Lamb, and the inventor of Hosea Biglow and Parson Wilbur. In the 'Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac' we have all the machinery of this style—an imaginary friend of the author's, with a full account of his habits and character, extracts from his poems, and statements of his opinions; invented authors, fictitious quotations, and nonsense made to masquerade as fact. Of course, these things are greatly matters of taste, but for ourselves we confess to liking good nonsense quite as well as sense; and if a great deal of it is apt to weary, Mr. Field could plead that his book was a very little one. Some of the humor is overdone, and part of the success of the volume is due, no doubt, to the fact that Chicago is as yet still proud with the pride of an overgrown village in the fact that it counts among its inhabitants persons who can write something which other people call literature, and which will be "written up" in the newspapers, and, best of all, be sold at wholesale and retail, just as pork is. The pride of locality has puffed out the sails of many a reputation less deserving than that of Mr. Field.

We have liked best the account of the physical effects produced by the respiration of books (ch. xiii.); the fact that books breathe being supported by the well-known authority of William Blades, confirmed by observation, illustrated by the condition of the atmosphere of the reading room of the British Museum, where the consumption of oxygen by each volume has been found to be several thousand cubic feet of air every twenty-four hours, and reinforced by a series of experiments made by Huxley. Ringelbergius on the true method of procrastination, and Dr. O'Rell on the disease called "Catalogitis," could hardly fail to make even a good woman smile. If the humor were throughout as natural and unforced as in these passages, Mr. Field would have written a classic. A melancholy interest attaches to the volume, as the author died almost in writing its last lines.

The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn: A Study of Life in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. By John R. Spears. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895. Pp. xi, 319. 8vo.

THIS vivacious account of a two months' trip in an unfamiliar region is excellent reading. The information which it gives about the Cape Horn country, its people and resources, abounds in surprises to one who has formed his impressions of it from the accounts of the early voyagers. It is difficult to imagine, for instance, that the land which they pictured as the abode of snow and ice, the home of storms, is admirably suited for sheep-raising, with prairies covered with luxuriant grass, on which a snowfall of six inches is counted deep, and where cold sufficient to freeze the fresh-water ponds is rare; or that there should be a flourishing town of 3,500 inhabitants where Sarmiento's colony starved to death—a town in every respect like a Western mining camp, except that every zinc-roofed hut has its win-

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dow-garden, "and many houses have bays and rooms set apart for great masses of potted flowers and shrubs." Gold-mining on the seashore, with the "pay streak" bearing "nuggets as big as kernels of corn," under water at high tide is no less a surprise. So, too, are the Yahgans, the southernmost of all the Indians, who, in their original state, were skilful artisans, had many virtues, and showed such a remarkable mental development that from their language "has been compiled a vocabulary of over 40,000 words!" Their present degradation and dwindled numbers Mr. Spears attributes in part to the questionable means employed by the missionaries to civilize them. Whether his severe strictures are deserved, we have no means of knowing, but the tribe's history is only another sad proof of the incompatibility in the temperate zone of the red and the white man. There is a somewhat similar account of a less interesting race, the Tehuelches, the giant nomads of Patagonia, and their supplanter, the gaucho, or cowboy, as well as of the strangely successful Welsh colony on the Chubut River.

Two admirable chapters on the Patagonian beasts and birds, and an instructive account of the rising sheep industry, complete the subjects treated in this unusually fresh and entertaining book of travels. Some of the illustrations are very good, and there is an excellent index.

The House that Jill Built after Jack's had proved a Failure: A Book on Home Architecture. With illustrations. By E. C. Gardner. Springfield, Mass.: W. A. Adams Co. 1896. 12mo, pp. xii., 268.

THIS little book relates the experience of a young couple who had in hand the money for a new house, and tried to procure one which should be ideally comfortable and easy to live in. They employed an architect who displayed a great deal of good sense in his advice to the building family in question, and it is certain that the resulting plans shown on pages 239 and 241 are good ones and give the idea of a very comfortable house. In the course of the long debate to which the book is devoted, a good deal of good sense is retailed to the reader. Thus, on page 24, he is told to build a drain first of all, and to provide a cut off to keep surface water from the cellar; and in immediate connection with this the importance of having the cellar so high that a clean outlet can be got below its bottom is insisted on, even "if this happens to carry it above the surface of the ground"—in which case you are to "set the house on posts and hang the cellar under the floor like a work-bag under the table." On page 51 the evils of furring, of hollow partitions, and of floors hollow between flooring and plastering are pointed out, especially their mischievous qualities in the matter of carrying fire from floor to floor and from room to room. On page 53 the simple remedy for this state of things is pointed out in connection with praises of brick as a building material, and on page 57 mineral wool and such other materials for filling are described. In this way and with a great deal of chat and perhaps an unnecessary amount of preaching, the main principles of house-planning and house-building are laid down with sufficient clearness and fulness. As it frequently happens that the architect employed to design a small house—or a large one, for that matter—cannot be persuaded to give time and attention to the many details which make it up, it is well for the owners to have at least as much information as this book affords. As to the good taste shown in the designs for fireplaces, wainscotting trim, and the like, it is not easy to speak with much approval.

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Baldwin, James. Old Stories of the East. American Book Co. 45c.
Balzac, H. de. Old Goriot. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Balzac, H. de. The Atheist's Mass, and Other Stories. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Barr, Robert. A Woman Intervenes. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Baskervill, Prof. W. M., and Sewell, J. W. An English Grammar. American Book Co. 90c.
Bennett, J. W. A Breed of Barren Metal; or, Currency and Interest. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Berdoe, Edward. Browning and the Christian Faith. London: George Allen; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Bibliographica. Part VIII. Scribners.
Bloundelle-Burton, John. In the Day of Adversity. Appletons.
Boissier, Gaston. Rome and Pompeii. Putnams. $2.50.
Borrow, George. Lavengro. Macmillan. $1.25.
Brackel, F. von. The Circus-Rider's Daughter. Benziger Bros. $1.25.
Burnett, Mrs. Frances H. A Lady of Quality. Scribners. $1.50.
Carey, Alice V. Paradise Wold. G. W. Dillingham. 50c.
Colson, Ethel M. The Story of a Dream. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Coolidge, Susan. An Old Convent School in Paris, and Other Papers. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Cooper, J. F. The Spy. [Mohawk Edition.] Putnams. $1.25.
D'Avenel, le Vicomte G. Le Mécanisme de la Vie Moderne. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Davey, Richard. The Sand Sea, and Other Stories. London: The Roxburghe Press.
Del Mar, Alexander. History of Monetary Systems. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Drury, G. T. Poems of John Keats. 2 vols. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Scribners. $3.50.
Flint, Sam. On the Road to the Lake. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Fraser, Sir William. Napoleon III. (My Recollections). London: Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.
Frost, Mary A. Heyse's L'Arrabbiata. Henry Holt & Co. 25c.
Froude, J. A. Lectures on the Council of Trent. Scribners. $2.
Gardner, E. A. A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. Macmillan. $1.75.
Gibbons, Cardinal. The Faith of Our Fathers. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
Girard, Dorothea. The Wrong Man. Appletons.
Hogarth, D. G. A Wandering Scholar in the Levant. Scribners. $2 50.
Huling, Caroline A. The Courage of her Convictions. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Jastrow, Prof. M. A Dictionary of the Targumim, etc. Part VIII. London: Luzac & Co.; New York: Putnams. $2.
Jeyes, S. H. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. F. Warne & Co. $1.25.
Kingsley, Charles. The Heroes of Greek Fairy Tales. Macmillan. 75c.
Lathrop, G. P. The Scarlet Letter: A Dramatic Poem. Transatlantic Publishing Co.
Lefranc, Abel. Les Dernière Poésies de Marguerite de Navarre. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Leigh, Garrett. Lives that Came to Nothing. Macmillan. 75c.
Melville, Henry. The Ancestry of John Whitney. New York: The De Vinne Press.
Merrillies, Meg. The Woman with Good Intentions. G. W. Dillingham. 50c.
Nicholson, Prof. J. S. Strikes and Social Problems. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Olney, Richard. The Scholar in Politics. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 30c.
Paul Dubois, Louis. Les Chemins de Fer aux Etats-Unis. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Read, Opie. The Captain's Romance. F. T. Neely.
Rhoscomyl, Owen. Battlement and Tower. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Riordan, Roger, and Takayanagi, Tozo. Sunrise Stories: A Glance at the Literature of Japan. Scribners. $1.50.
Rhys, Ernest. The Lyric Poems of Thomas Campion. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Rowe, Samuel. A Perambulation of the Antient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor. Third ed. London: Gibbings & Co.; New York: Putnams. $5.
Ryan, C. E. With an Ambulance during the Franco-German War. Scribners. $3.
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Seeley, Prof. J. R. Introduction to Political Science. Two Series of Lectures. Macmillan. $1.50.
Sidney, Margaret. The Old Town Pump: A Story of East and West. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.
Southey, Robert. The Life of Nelson. American Book Co. 40c.
Spinder, Harold. At the Sign of the Guillotine. Merriam Co. $1.
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The Savoy. An Illustrated Quarterly. January, 1896. London: Leonard Smithers.
Turgenev, Ivan. Smoke. Macmillan. $1.25.
Verity, J. B. Electricity up to Date for Light, Power, and Traction. F. Warne & Co. $1.
Weeks, S. B. Southern Quakers and Slavery: A Study in Institutional History. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Wells, Prof. B. W. Augier's Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.
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Ye Thoroughbred. New York: Health-Culture Co. 30c.
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